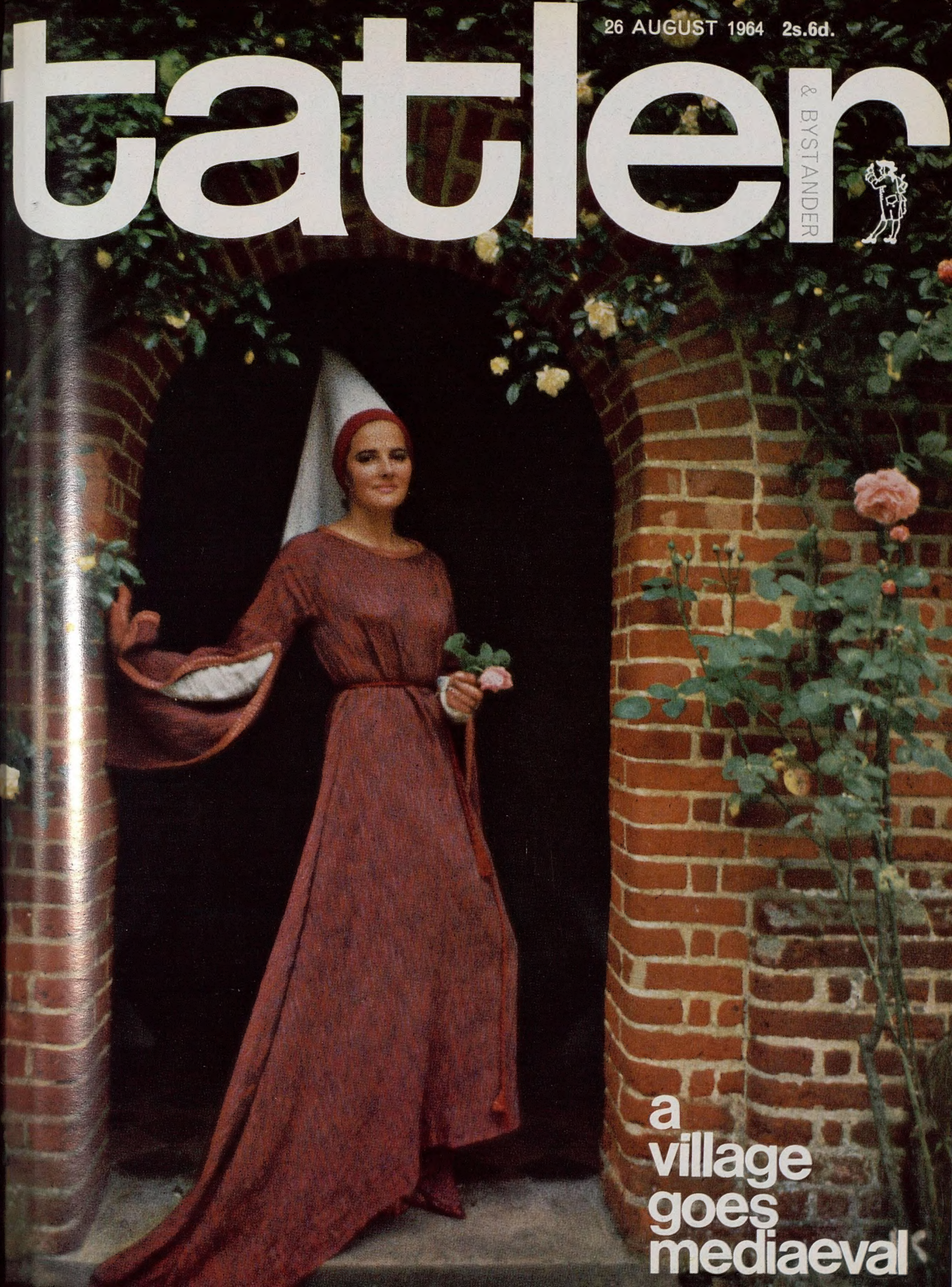


26 AUGUST 1964 2s.6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



a
village
goes
mediaeval



The artist: Oliver Elmes, 29, an illustrator, designer, painter—and fan of good cricket

T. N. Pearce talks Scarborough



T. N. Pearce, organiser of the Scarborough Cricket Festival, captained Essex from 1933 to 1939 and from the end of the war until 1950. In 1949 and 1950 he was a Test selector.

"The whole idea of the festival has always been to gather together the *best* players from various parts of the country, plus the tourists when they are here. Nine days of cricket, played by—well, star players, you might call them . . . It's all a little more carefree than, say, championship cricket on a league table, because everybody's out to display his ability in the freest possible manner. The rate of run-getting is usually quicker, and bowlers don't bowl so defensively, you see. So of course there's been some terrific hitting at different times. (Benaud, the Australian Captain, hit 11 sixes equalling the most ever hit in a single innings, here in 1953) . . . Oh, this is certainly the oldest affair of its kind in the country, yes. The first festival matches were played here in 1876. But, in fact, there were first class matches on the Castle Hill as early as 1871 . . . Yes, I think the Scarborough Cricket Festival has become something of an institution—even a national institution. At the end of a season of serious competitive cricket, this is a pleasant, very pleasant way of reaching close of play."

A FEW FACTS 78th Scarborough Cricket Festival; 2, 3, 4 Sept.: T. N. Pearce's XI v. Sir Frank Worrell's West Indian XI; 5, 7, 8: Australians v. T. N. Pearce's XI; 9, 10, 11: Yorkshire v. M.C.C. (No festival play on Sunday 6th). Details from the Secretary, Scarborough Cricket Club, Scarborough, Yorks. Capacity of Club Grounds, 20,000; marquees and members dining rooms for luncheons and teas; licensed facilities; club promenade; car park. Festival-goer's Bonus: twice nightly variety shows; intimate revue; South Pacific; York Citizens Theatre Trust Comedy Season; orchestral concerts, light music, military bands; Children's Show-time; dancing; wrestling; bingo; water ski-ing; aquatic galas and all the fun of the seaside. Uncrowded pleasures for the traffic-weary motorist all around Scarborough. BP Service, too, at key garages in town and wherever your wheels wander.

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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3287

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	383	In Britain
	384	To Eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	385	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	387	Holidays in the Isle of Wight
	390	Muriel Bowen's column
	392	A dance in Ireland
	393	The Dublin Horse Show
	394	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	395	So much at the Fair: <i>by Peter Carvell</i> , <i>photographs by Dick Swayne</i>
	400	So where do you take them now? <i>photographs by Morris Newcombe</i>
FASHION	404	A look at London: <i>by Unity Barnes</i> , <i>photographs by David Hurn</i>
GOOD LOOKS	412	Good looks, good measure: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	413	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	414	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	415	On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	415	On records: <i>by Spike Hughes</i>
	416	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
MAN'S WORLD	417	No grotty gear: <i>by David Morton</i> , <i>photograph by Peter Rand</i>
MOTORING	418	Badge of merit: <i>by Dudley Noble</i> , <i>photograph by Morris Newcombe</i>
DINING IN	420	A seasonal first: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
COUNTERSPY	421	Wood: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	422	

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: Summer ski-ing at St. Moritz, photographs by Alan Vines; the Paris Collections by Unity Barnes



Girl with the mediaeval look on the cover is Miss Cherry Wardby wearing her 14th-century gown in the rose-hung porch of the house she will soon enter as a bride. Miss Wardby is engaged to lawyer Mr. Robert S. Clarke, of Abinger Manor in Surrey. The house was built by John Evelyn in 1680 and the mediaeval fête at Abinger is reported by Peter Carvell on page 395 with more pictures by Dick Swayne who also took the cover. For more outdoor activities turn to page 400, where photographer Morris Newcombe suggests a few ideas for parents and children at the tail end of those long school holidays

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Edinburgh Festival, to 5 September.

Kensington Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Kensington, 27 August-10 September.

Steam Fair, Shottesbrooke Park, White Waltham, Berks, 28-30 August.

Children's swimming gala, Hurlingham Club, 29 August.

Scottish Festival of Music & Dancing, Braemar, 1, 8, 15, 22 September.

Portree Falls, 2, 3 September.

Farnborough Air Display & Exhibition, 7-13 September.

Three Choirs Festival, Hereford Cathedral, 6-11 September.

"Hamlet" at Haddo House, Aberdeen, 7-12 September. (Details, Miss E. Chillingworth, Tarras 665.)

St. Leger, Doncaster, 9 September.

Aboyne Highland Games, 9 September.

Oban Highland Games, 9-10 September.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, 10 September.

Lochaber Ball, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, 14 September.

B.H.S. Pony Club Trials, Norington Manor, Plumpton, Sussex, 26; **Newton Brans-**

wold, Rushden, Northants, 27; **Hanbury**, Droitwich; **Muck-**

hart Mill, Dollar, Scotland; **Court Farm**, Abergavenny, 29;

Heath Hall, nr. Wakefield, Yorks; **Ashford Hill**, nr. New-

bury, Berks; **Bunkersland**, Tiverton, Devon; **Castletown**, Carlisle, 31 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Brighton, Yarmouth, Beverley, today & 27; Carlisle, 27; Sandown Park, 28, 29; Bath, Leicester, Newcastle, 29; Pontefract, 29, 31; Lewes, 31; Birmingham, 31 August, 1 September. **Steeplechasing**: Newton Abbot, today; Fakenham, 29 August.

POLO

Cirencester Tournament, to 30 August.

GREYHOUND RACING

Greyhound St. Leger, Wembley, 31 August.

MOTOR RACING

R.A.C. International T.T. meeting, Goodwood, 29 August.

National Open Speed Hill Climb, Shelsley Walsh, Worcs, 29, 30 August.

SAILING

Torbay Fortnight; Bridlington Week; Fowey Royal Regatta Week, to 29 August.

Dartmouth Royal Regatta, 27-29 August.

Horning Week, Norfolk, 29 August-4 September.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 September.

City of London Band Concert, on the steps of St. Paul's.

Irish Guards, 12-2 p.m., 27 August.

Country House Concerts. De Peyer Trio, **Stourhead**, Wilts, 3 p.m., 12 September; **The**

Vyne, nr. Basingstoke, 7 p.m., 13 September. (PRI 7142.)

ART

Hittite Art, Royal Academy, to 6 September.

William Blake, Tate Gallery, to 6 September.

Britain in Watercolours, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., to 29 August.

Edgar Mansfield, sculpture, Mercury Gallery, Cork St., to 5 September.

Poulton, sand & silica paintings, Madden Galleries, 69 Blandford St., to 29 August. (See Galleries, p. 416.)

Modern Tapestries, Grabowski Galleries, Sloane Avenue, to 3 September.

EXHIBITIONS

"The Growth of London," Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 August.

"Shopping in Britain," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 29 August.

Radio & TV Exhibition, Earls Court, to 5 September.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 27 September.

"The Adam Style in Furniture," Kenwood House, Hampstead, to 30 September.

FESTIVALS

Pendley Shakespeare Festival, Pendley Manor, nr. Tring, Herts, 28 August-5 September.

English Cathedral Music Festival, Edington Priory Church, nr. Westbury, Wilts, to 5 September.

FIRST NIGHT

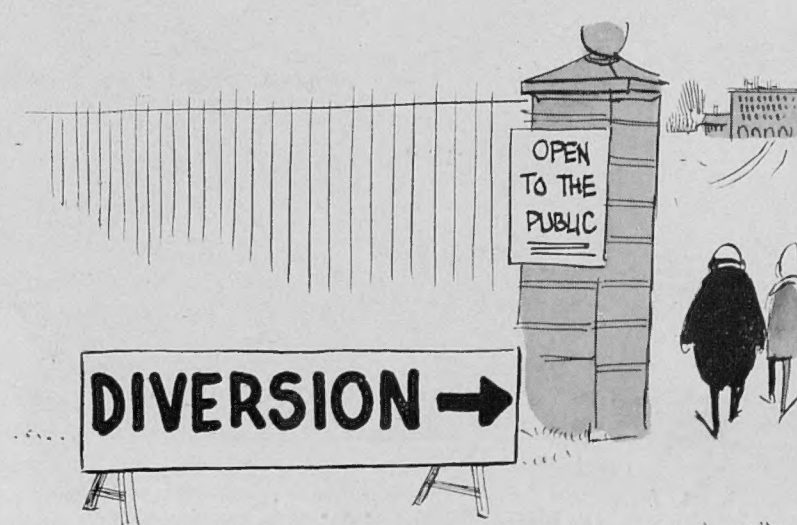
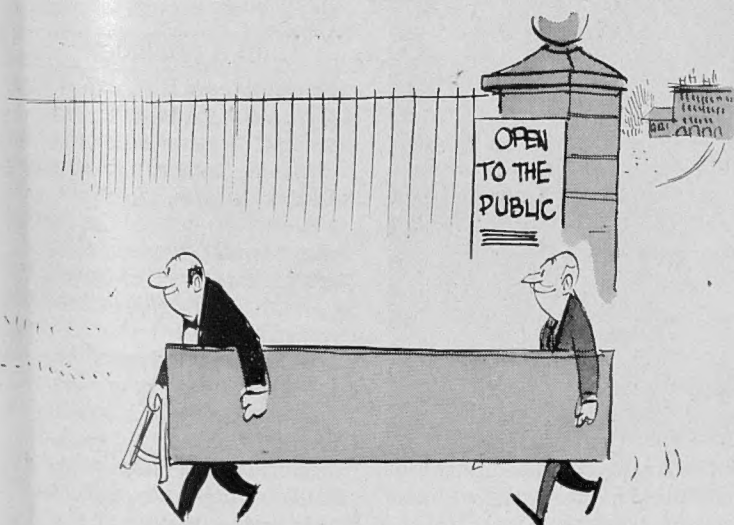
Mermaid. Brig, 1 September.



Only ballet group at this year's Dublin Theatre Festival, opening on 21 September, will be the Lindsay Kemp Mime Dance Company, formed in June. Mr. Kemp, in front, is here with Carl Christian, musical director; Elizabeth Gill, designer; John Spradbery, manager; Peter J. Hammond, writer; and Clive Petersen, writer and singer

THOMAS PICTON

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Paddock Restaurant, Lower Ground floor, Wetherall's, 198 Regent Street. Open for morning coffee, luncheons and teas. With its steeplechasing mural and portraits of Victorian riding horses, this restaurant runs well for the one o'clock or four o'clock. Its shopper's luncheon—5s. 6d. for two courses and 7s. 6d. for three—keeps good form. Chicken Wetherall with a white cream sauce, and Chicken Ascot with peaches and salad, are consistent favourites at 8s. 6d., as is the Devonshire cream tea at 4s. 6d. I had the 7s. 6d. luncheon—a good-sized bowl of well-made chicken and tomato soup: Croque Maison (ham on toast with cheese over and a salad) and cheese and biscuits as an alternative to fruit salad with ice cream. The restaurant is not licensed but they specialise in soft drinks, and the lemon squash was unusually good. So was the iced coffee—and how many

London restaurants will produce *that* at a minute's notice on a hot day? Certain dishes are served in the hair-dressing department. Service is pleasant and speedy.

Tiberio, 22 Queen Street, off Curzon Street. (MAY 3561.) Closed for luncheon on Saturdays and Sundays. Dinner from 7 p.m. Supper from midnight. Dancing to Frank Holder from 11.30 p.m. to 3 a.m. Mario and Franco are proud of the fact that they were once waiters at the Mirabelle. They are today properly proud of the two successful restaurants they own, of which the Tiberio is one. I liked the vaulted roof, and the bright flowers on the table, contrasting with the green tiles on the floor. Seven tons of lava from Vesuvius went into the making of the waterfall. The cooking is, of course, Italian and of the highest quality. The kitchen can be seen through a glass screen. Some 300 dishes are available, but for women customers who do not like the



business of tipping there is a special three-course luncheon for 28s. 6d. including service. This is a smart and fashionable restaurant, which does not pretend to be cheap, but you do get, in every respect, good value for your money. The display of cold dishes is splendid, and a mirror to the quality of what goes into the kitchen. W.B.

Casa Pepe, 151 Fulham Road. (KEN 7749.) C.S. On the ground floor here there is a pleasant bar and a spacious medium-sized restaurant designed for leisurely and comfortable enjoyment of one's meal. Mine on a hot day was smoked ham, which was excellent, followed by a Spanish omelette. These *can* look, and taste, like man-hole covers, but mine was just as it should be, light and piping hot. The fruit salad was up to

TO EAT

standard and the coffee particularly good. A generous jug of well-made Sangria costs 8s. Downstairs La Taberna opens up at night, with Spanish music, song, and dancing. The charge for an evening's enjoyment is modest: 25s. for a 3-course meal chosen from the *à la carte* menu. Casa Pepe is, in fact, a long-established Spanish restaurant of high repute—note the number of Spaniards who use it. La Taberna is a good place for an unconventional evening out. W.B.

Wine notes

Why is it that the harshest wine in France produces the best brandy in the world? When was brandy, or *eau-de-vie* as it used to be called, first made, and where? What is the relation between cognac and the oak cask in which it is matured? Few people, outside the trade, could answer these questions offhand, but they are part of a fascinating story of cognac and the Charente, as told briefly and clearly in 50 pages in *Under The Black Tiles*. This booklet, sponsored by P. Frapin & Cie of Segonlac, is written by Shirley Macnab, and published by Eric Anderson and Associates. It costs 5s. from A. Massel & Co., 2 Nicholson Street, London S.E.1. (See also p. 370 in last week's *Tatler*).

Until recently vodka and Campari was an unknown combination. Using a Relsta vodka my host poured two measures of it to one of Campari in a half-pint tumbler with a couple of ice cubes in it, topping up with soda water and adding a slice of lemon. It went down well on a hot day.

. . . and a reminder

Berni Steak Bar, 175 Regent Street. Excellent value for money. Name explains the basic menu. N.B. Sherry in schooners. **Black Angus**, 17 Great Newport St. (TEM 5111.) Its name points to one of its specialities—beef at its best. Pleasant atmosphere: reasonable prices.

Daphne's Restaurant, 112 Draycott Avenue, Chelsea. (KEN 4257.) Small, smart, and some of the best and most imaginative cooking in London. Soufflés outstanding. Book well ahead for luncheon or dinner.



DESMOND O'NEILL

The Hon. John & Mrs. Lawrence talk to Diana Duchess of Newcastle, after the amateur riders' Derby at Epsom. Mr. Lawrence rode King Chesnut to victory and guests of the French champagne company saw Mrs. J. Benskin, the owner, receive the Moët & Chandon silver magnum from the Duchess

GOING PLACES



ABROAD

People can accuse one another of being spoiled, when what they really mean is blasé; and vice-versa. After all, there are those who crossed Russia on the Trans-Siberian *years* ago, and those who made the pilgrimage to Machu Picchu long before Inca history passed into the popular domain. People who knew Constantinople in 1910 are understandably cynical about the kicks to be derived from contemporary Istanbul, not to mention the ones who danced in pre-war Budapest.

I am at present concerned with "spoiled" in the sybaritic sense, with no comforts or small attentions spared. Not all my readers would, I imagine, care to join me in one of the rougher Yugoslav island steamers, or on a bus journey through the wilder parts of Greece and Turkey. Comfort does count, and, taking Turkey as a first example, I could have wept with gratitude at the amenities of Istanbul's Hilton after a seven day sojourn in the wilds. I treasured the swift telephone service, the superb breakfast menus, the hairdresser on the premises, the hot clear water in shiny basin and bath, the acres of fresh towels—and resolved then and there never to be unkind about American hotels again.

The new hotels belonging to the big Hilton and Intercontinental groups, plus the equally new American-type hotels now stretch, literally, from pine to palm. Possibly "atmosphere" (a word with two edges) has on occasion been sacrificed to egalitarian comfort, but nobody gets a room over a smelly kitchen well, and nobody goes without a private bathroom or shower. In most instances the language problem is taken care of by multilingual staff, and the farcical misunderstandings which can crop up between your Italian (or whatever) and their English, are reduced to a minimum.

In Istanbul and Cairo are two of the best of the Hilton hotels. That in Athens I care for less, since it is so totally un-Greek and an irritating distance from the pulse-beat of Constitution Square. Just the same, it has a swimming pool and lots of space, so that in high summer it could have its points. Similarly, the bedroom balconies of

the Hilton in Rome have one of the loveliest views of the city I have ever seen.

Vienna has some of the best hotels of any European capital, and some of the most famous—Sacher, the Bristol and the Imperial (which was once a royal palace, and feels like it). But on my last trip, in hot June, I was glad of the different, strictly contemporary comfort provided in the new Am Parkring. A private, open balcony complete with chaise-longue overlooked the thick green trees of the Stadtpark, and overheard the Strauss and Lehar being played by a traditional Viennese band in front of the casino. Service was of the instantaneous, push-button kind, as in Brussels' new Intercontinental. Luxury here takes the form of particularly delicious bedrooms, with decor more like that of a gay country house than a city hotel.

Service of quite another age is offered in Amsterdam's Doelen Hotel. The building was once the headquarters of the Civic Guard who commissioned Rembrandt's *Night Watch*, but it has been a hotel since 1684. Taking for granted the most impeccable service in the restaurant and from the hall porters, the Doelen provides what, to me, is one of the most spoiling things of all: instant mending. Plump chambermaids in black bombazine sit behind a table on each landing, ready not only to wash and press but to *repair* one's clothes—not tomorrow morning, but in time for dinner.

Thinking of other places in which the service is agreeably personal, I am reminded of the hotel Miramar at Fedala, on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, not far from Casablanca. One can choose between excellent French food in the conventional restaurant and exotic Moroccan fare in a plush-lined room with low banquettes and huge brass plates and silver bowls full of rose water. The Moroccans have a highly developed sense of luxury. Riding facilities, a championship golf course and casino are all close at hand, and the French proprietor, M. Lambert, really does care that his guests should enjoy themselves—even to the extent of ordering specially-fancied dishes from the kitchen for them.

The same butler is equally prepared to attend one's needs on the beach, with table, ice bucket and luncheon. You may cable all over the world, be driven (or drive yourself) into the hills to fish or picnic. A private aircraft is at your disposal in which to fly down to Round Hill, at the opposite end of the island, for a meal and a round of golf. They tell of a woman who set out on such a mission only to find, on approaching the first tee, that she had left her handbag behind. They flew back to fetch it.

Rates at Frenchman's Cove are £25 a day—inclusive, of course.



The Nile Hilton in Cairo—archetype of luxury



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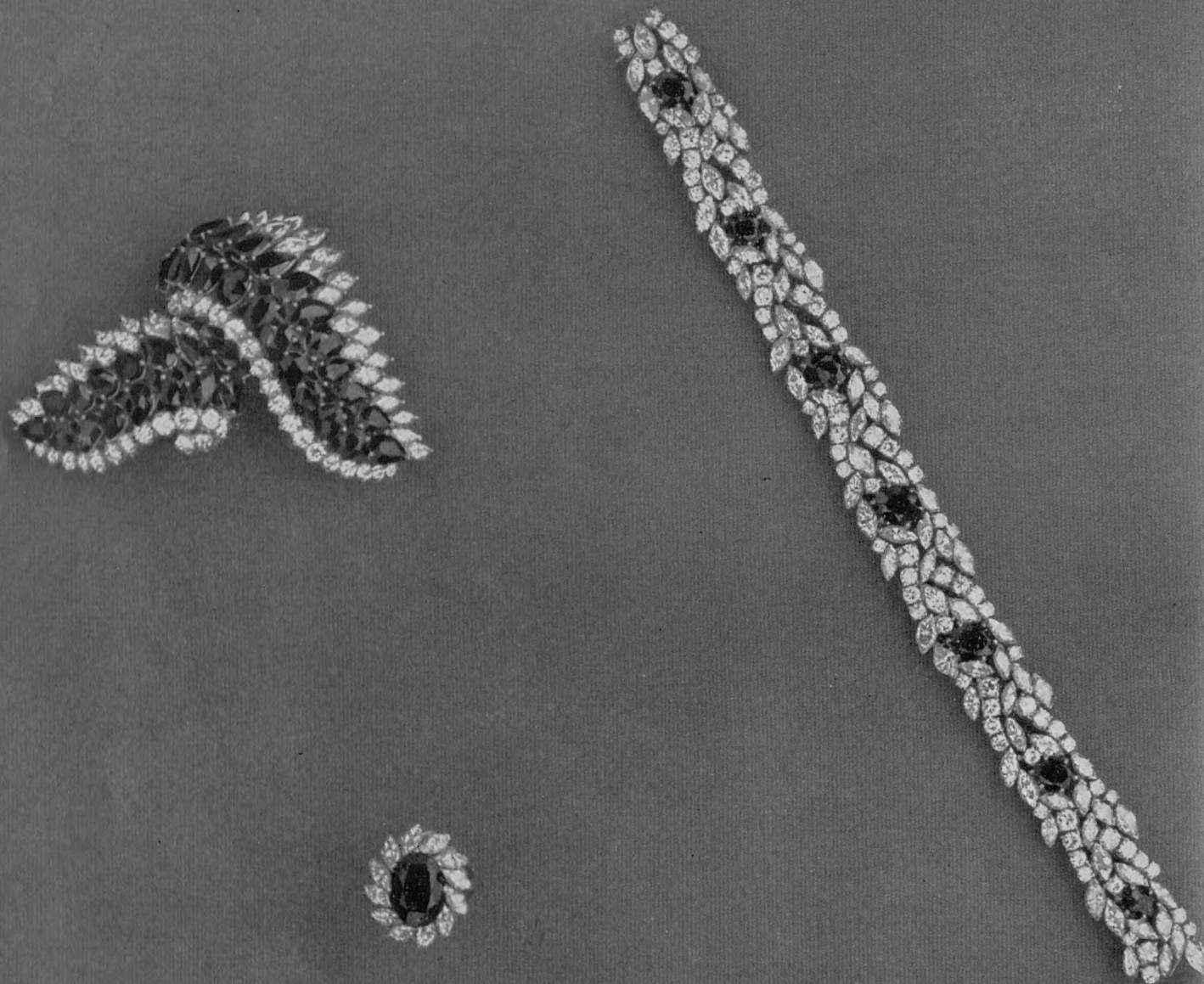


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AROUND THE ISLAND

Cowes Week is over but there's no lack of people on the Isle of Wight nor any perceptible decrease in the number of yachts, dinghies and power craft dotting the sun-flecked Solent. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Simonds (*below*) were out in their new American speedboat when a sudden gust capsized

a dinghy and decanted its two young occupants. Mr. and Mrs. Simonds achieved a smooth and successful rescue, towing dinghy and crew safely back to harbour at Seaview. Muriel Bowen writes about people holidaying on the island overleaf with more pictures by Van Hallan



AROUND

THE ISLAND

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Maybe that about-to-be-closed down British Railways station you have used for years could be just the thing for a comfortable shooting lodge or seaside residence. The thought occurred at St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, when I motored up what was the track, and is now the drive, to The Station, which LADY LOWLES has turned into an unusual and attractive seaside home. Lady Lowles thinks that stations, especially Isle of Wight stations, have lots of character. "They're so solidly built and the ceilings are well above your head," she told me, during a tour of inspection. What

had been the booking office is now a kitchen; the waiting room makes a nicely proportioned dining room, the benches along the side—now painted white—preserving the railway atmosphere. Lady Lowles had lost track of the number of coats of paint it took to obliterate the emerald green of British Railways waiting room decor, but though conversion of a station into a modern house might seem expensive with essentials like kitchen and bathroom to be added, she claimed the cost is less than one would suppose. "Stations have lots of porters' glory holes and these

make excellent bathrooms."

The fluted Victoriana of the wooden canopy on the platform has been preserved and under it Lady Lowles has built three rooms. In the centre, and completely open in front, is a garden room with rustic furniture, rush mats and stone jardinières of hydrangeas. Flanking it are a drawing room and double bedroom. These have picture windows overlooking the Brading Downs, and the side and facing walls are in wood to match the canopy.

How does one buy a station? "The thing to do is to find your station and then bounce the idea of buying it on British Railways," advises Lady Lowles, who bought her own in 1960 with her husband, the late Sir Geoffrey Lowles. "That's what we did. We met terribly kind British Railways people and they were delighted to sell."

Lady Lowles has converted an ex-railway station into a country cottage at St. Helen's. "Porters' glory holes make excellent bathrooms," she says.



THE TWELVES TO GATHER

SIR REGINALD MACDONALD-BUCHANAN who, half an hour earlier, had brought *Sceptre* in at the head of the field, was having tea with the HON. LADY MACDONALD-BUCHANAN. As Captain of the Twelve Metres' Association he has been closely connected with the challenge for the America's Cup. It was Sir Reginald who persuaded the Livingston brothers from Australia to build *Kurrewa*, one of the two possible challengers. He told me how it all happened at Cowes last year.

"I was desperate to get a second Twelve in the water to race with *Sovereign*," he told me. "I saw the Livingstons, who had just arrived from Australia, paying off their taxi and I decided to bring up the idea then and there. They were delighted and said they had always wanted to do something like that."

When he goes to Newport for the America's Cup races which begin on 15 September Sir Reginald is hoping to persuade the Americans to bring some of their Twelves to race at Cowes next year. With one or two Twelves possible from France and one from Scandinavia it should be quite a get-together.

DREAM OF SUMMER

At Cowes everything that could float was afloat; scores of dinghies with sugarstick striped sails; a great mass of bigger yachts and a few absolute dream boats like Mr. "SONNY" ANDREAE's *Claudia Quinta*, VISCOUNT CAMROSE's *Idalia*, and Mr. J. HOWDEN-HUME's *Stornaway* from Scotland. PRINCE PHILIP was in the royal yacht *Britannia* with the PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCESS ANNE, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA and the HON. ANGUS OGILVY.



PHOTOGRAPH BY VAH HALLAN

Mr. & Mrs. James Callaghan with their children Michael and Julia. He is the Labour Shadow Chancellor. There are roses over the door and transistors in the garden

From the terraced lawn of the Royal Yacht Squadron I looked out on an aquamarine Solent flecked with boats of all shades. Back from sailing, the men assembled on the lawn in yachting caps, navy jackets and white trousers; the women were in their prettiest dresses. The weather, for once, was a dream of summer come true. EARL & COUNTESS ST. ALDWYN were having tea on the lawn, and so too were ADMIRAL SIR MANLEY POWER, who chose the Isle of Wight to retire to; Mr. TOMMY BEDDINGTON who

had come on from Goodwood where he and his wife had taken a house for race week; and GROUP CAPT. THE HON. PETER VANNECK, who had just had the exciting news that his daughter, CHARLOTTE, had completed her first solo flight. If her present progress continues Charlotte will find herself the only debutante of 1965 with a pilot's licence.

THE SQUADRON ANNEXE

A ladies' annexe has been added to the Castle, headquarters of the Royal Yacht

Squadron. Already it has 65 associate members. Happily there is not a brown leather armchair to be seen. The very with-it committee imported an interior decorator. The result—a vivid scarlet dining room, a drawing room with blue and white floral chintz, and the bar of tomato red & white which overlooks the Solent—out-mods everything to be seen in the newer London clubs.

With men and women increasingly sharing the same leisure activities, I won't be surprised if the new annexe

MURIEL BOWEN / CONTINUED

results in an increase in membership of the Squadron itself. Certainly the annexe has been greatly welcomed by both sexes. One of the younger men on the Squadron Committee told me with obvious delight how he had been going through his (self-appointed?) task of checking on how the by-laws affecting the new annexe were in fact working!

A SHADOW IN SHADE

Talk came around to ships and the sea when I had coffee with Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN, the Labour Shadow Chancellor, and Mrs. CALLAGHAN at their cottage a couple of miles inland from Yarmouth. It is an old-world sort of cottage, complete with a horseshoe over the door and roses climbing the porch. Only daughter JULIA's transistor going full belt disturbed the get-away-from-it-all atmosphere. Mr. Callaghan was reading Robert Murphy's experiences of American politics in the garden when

I arrived but the sea is very much in his blood and both he and the family were looking forward to a sail on Mr. REGGIE PAGET's yacht. As well as their second daughter, Julia, who had been busy typing a book for an author, the Callaghans also had with them their son MICHAEL who hopes to read economics. Mr. Callaghan was also going out on the pilot boat from Totland to meet a Union Castle liner, or from Ryde to meet a *Queen*. This is an invitation regularly extended to him as President of the United Kingdom Pilots' Association.

NO REST FOR LORD POOLE

The Isle of Wight is a great favourite with politicians and there were a lot of them about. SIR PETER RAWLINSON, the Solicitor-General, and his dark and vivacious American wife took a house at Bembridge and found themselves in a religious atmosphere—the house is usually occupied by nuns. In the sitting

room the red dispatch box looked a little incongruous surrounded by all the holy pictures. LADY RAWLINSON had a lot to tell me about Newport, scene of the America's Cup races, and I shall be writing about this on 2 September.

Mr. DENIS THATCHER and his wife MARGARET, who is Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Pensions, and their two children were due at Seaview as I left. They have a flat there. At Wootton the mastermind behind the Tory election organization, LORD POOLE, has a delectable house on the creek. LADY POOLE has been enjoying it and having people to stay, but her husband has seen little of it this year; even over the Bank Holiday weekend he had been in London working.

PARTIES AND PEOPLE

At Bembridge—where there is a closed-down station very much in need of a Lady Lowles—the local M.P., Mr. MARK



Lord & Lady Mancroft have a house at Bembridge. He reads, she gardens, they both entertain lots of children



Sir Peter Rawlinson, the Solicitor-General with Lady Rawlinson and their son Michael at Bembridge. Their holiday house is usually occupied by nuns

WOODNUTT, was vigorously defending the preservation of the Isle of Wight railways from a sick bed. (Dr. Beeching wants to close them down completely.) As well as looking after a sick husband—he had an operation on his knee—Mrs. WOODNUTT was managing a great deal of entertaining for her teenage children.

Mr. & Mrs. WAINMAN and their daughter MARY whose coming-out dance on the island was a great success, were at their house at Bembridge. Also staying for the month were VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS VAUGHAN, whose arrival in the island with layer upon layer of children and baggage in a Mini has to be seen to be believed. I lunched one day with LORD & LADY MANCROFT who were entertaining not only their own children but those of their friends. When I arrived Lord Mancroft was sitting in the garden in a deckchair reading the *Tatler* while his wife was busy gardening; a division of work and leisure between the sexes of

which the Arabs would, I feel, heartily approve. Also staying with the Manicrofts was BRIGADIER DENNIS FITZGERALD, who was going on to Greece, where friends had lent him a yacht and a villa.

At Seaview an invitation awaited me to have a whip around in Mr. & Mrs. DUNCAN SIMONDS' new and superbly designed American speedboat, but I took one look at the sea and declined. A boisterous breeze was gusting up to five, and within a few minutes of pulling out from the jetty Mr. & Mrs. Simonds were engaged in rescuing two boys and their collapsed dinghy. Not an easy operation in a speedboat but one most skilfully handled. The Simonds were both down for most of the month at their house on the front. Mrs. Simonds recently took over from her father, Mr. Moyses Stevens, the running of his famous London flower shops. "Fortunately August is the quietest month of the year in flower shops," she told me.

BACK TO LONDON

The most imaginative party of the year in London was given right at the beginning of the holidays when LADY ANTONIA FRASER had Mozart's *Il Seraglio* produced in her garden on Campden Hill. It was a warm, balmy evening, and as the whole neighbourhood came to a full stop the singing came through beautifully. Indeed the neighbours had for free what most of the guests had paid six to eight guineas for, and they were not slow to appreciate it. Children were packed off to bed early and chairs were pulled up to the open windows. As well as opera there was delicious food—salmon, lamb, strawberries and cream, all served by the host's brother, the HON. MICHAEL PAKENHAM, and his young friends. The guests included Mr. REGINALD MAUDLING, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mrs. MAUDLING; LADY DIANA COOPER; the COUNTESS OF DUDLEY; and LORD & LADY GLADWYN.



Air Marshal Sir John & Lady Grandy
with their sons John and William on
board their yacht *Astra Volante*

A DANCE IN IRELAND

A dance was given at Rahinston, County Meath, by Madam McGillicuddy and Mrs. B. J. Fowler for their daughters, Sarah McGillicuddy and Jessica Fowler, and also by Mrs. J. A. Hornsby for her grandson, Jeremy Phillips

1 An unusual feature of the party was a mobile canteen serving hot chicken and sausages. It replaced the usual barbecue

2 Lady Romaine Brabazon, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Meath

3 Miss Sarah McGillicuddy and Miss Jessica Fowler, who shared their coming-out party

4 Madam McGillicuddy, Sarah's mother, and Brig. Bryan Fowler, Jessica's father. Brig. Fowler is one of the joint-Masters of the Meath Foxhounds and a former British international polo player

5 Miss Jennifer Gerley from Boston, who is on a European tour

6 Mr. Tim Goulding, son of Sir Basil & the Hon. Lady Goulding and grandson of Viscount Monckton of Brenchley, with Miss Angel Herdman, daughter of Mr. Pat Herdman, Master of the Strabane Foxhounds

7 Mr. Ben Barrington Jellett, whose father is this year's president of the Royal Dublin Society, and Lady Avena Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Harrington

8 Miss Caroline Colville

9 Mr. Michael Hoare and Miss Clare Gemmell



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

It is easy to be blinded by science when you meet an expert like Miss Winifred Shand, M.B.E., Hebridean Organiser of Highland Home Industries. But it is hard not to be fascinated when she gets on to the subject of vegetable dyes and reveals some of the mysteries she has just passed on to Brooklyn Botanic Gardens in New York, who are compiling a book on the colour combinations to be had from such unlikely sources as peat soot, onion skins and water lily roots.

Miss Shand has a theory that the clan tartans were developed according to vegetable dyes available from plants in the district. "The McLeod tartan, a roaring affair in black, yellow and white, would have been seen a mile away in Ross-shire, but on the McLeods' home shore of Lewis where black rocks and saffron seaweed litter the shore, a length of this tartan would scarcely be visible," she explained at her home in South Uist.

After another tour of the islands, most probably by "cement lorry, cattle float, motor scooter, bicycle and Shanks's pony," Miss Shand will travel to London by more conventional means to show something of the art of vegetable dyeing at the Highland Home Exhibition and Sale to be held in the Ceylon Tea Centre, Regent Street, from 16 to 28 November.

This is the exhibition that always attracts a visit from the Queen Mother, a patroness of H.H.I., and which has the unique distinction of being staffed by its directors, the Hon. Mrs. Stirling of Keir, O.B.E., the Countess of Dalhousie, the Hon. Lady Macdonald-Buchanan and keen supporters such as the Countess of Dunmore and the Countess of Mansfield.

TIME FOR EVERYTHING

For sheer stamina, Brigadier Alasdair Maclean, the indefatigable producer of the Scottish Command's Military Tattoo, takes a lot of beating. After round-the-clock rehearsals at Edinburgh Castle Esplanade, he not only presents the Festival City with the most spectacular event of its year, but nightly describes this splendid occasion to enthralled visitors from all parts of the world.

With his happy knack of inducing audience participation, the Brigadier has been asked to give the commentary on the opening of the Forth road bridge by the Queen on 4 September, and is looking forward to it immensely. "My task is to interest and entertain the 100,000 spectators who will be there," he told me. "We will have a highly specialised system of microphones so that I can tell people on either side of the Forth what is happening."

There will be plenty to talk about, for ships of the Royal Navy will be assembled in the Forth; the Army will be providing a

Guard of Honour and the R.A.F. a formation fly-past before the bridge is opened and the Queen returns to South Queensferry aboard the ferry boat *Queen Margaret*. As the Brigadier says: "Preparation of the script will be interesting but quite a task." And after four hours on the bridge it will be back to the Castle Esplanade for him and two performances of the Tattoo. And what is it that keeps the Brigadier going? "Boundless energy and a sense of humour," he says.

TIME FOR CHARITY

Floors Castle, the beautiful Kelso home of the Duke & Duchess of Roxburghe, will undoubtedly be a festival attraction when it is opened to the public on 30 August to raise funds for the National Society for Cancer Relief, of which the Duchess is an assiduous chairman.

"Overseas visitors seem particularly interested in seeing the castle," Her Grace told me. "We had such a crowd last year that this time we are extending the hours." Before the big day arrives the Duchess will be holidaying at her shooting lodge at Millden, Angus, but will be returning to the Festival city two days earlier to support yet another charity—the Scottish National Institution for War Blinded.

By personal request she has agreed to introduce a fund-raising matinée which is being presented by Miss Elspeth Douglas Reid, the "One Woman Theatre", to commemorate her tenth consecutive appearance at the Edinburgh Festival. Commented Her Grace: "Miss Reid has supported my cause. Now I am returning the compliment."

TIME FOR WRITING

A new novel from the pen of Neil McCallum comes out in September with the intriguing title *A Scream in the Sky*. The author describes it as "an amusement novel" but from the sound of this roistering tale of international dope hi-jacking set in Edinburgh and the Lothians, it offers more than a few thrills. It certainly has all the ingredients of success—gun battles, helicopters, corpses, mysterious blondes and a hero, Peter Paterson, who sounds like a Scottish James Bond.

Mr. McCallum told me: "This is my first venture into light fiction and it's been the greatest fun of all." It was *Journey with a Pistol*, a factual account of wartime experiences, that put Mr. McCallum on the literary map; it is still enjoying success and a Dutch version is due out soon.

Though writing is strictly a hobby to this busy advertising man, he has started another novel. "I've been carrying it in a briefcase for months," he confessed, "but I never seem to get on with it." And he added: "I need time to brood." J.S.





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PASSPORT TO TOKYO

This year's international Horse Show in Dublin served as a testing ground for the equestrian events at the Tokyo Olympic Games later this year. The United States won the Aga Khan trophy for the first time, with the British entry second and the Portuguese third

1 Anne Duchess of Westminster with her entry, winner of the Pembroke Cup and reserve champion for two-year-olds
2 Mr. Bobby Patton, from Co. Monaghan, who had some entries in the show, with Mrs. Patton (left) and Mrs. Denis Purdon, who hunts with the Westmeath
3 Lady Melissa Brooke, wife of Sir George Brooke, Bt., and daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, with Lady Hemphill, wife of Lord Hemphill, of Tulira Castle, Co. Galway
4 Mrs. Murray Smith, joint-Master of the Quorn with Lord Daresbury, Master of the Limerick
5 Mrs. James Willson who had five hunters entered in the show. With her husband, Mrs. Willson is joint-Master of the Kildare who hunts with the Island
6 Miss Julia Longe, from Gorey, Co. Wexford
7 Lady Avena Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Harrington

SO MUCH AT THE FAIR

Abinger Common, on the Pilgrim's Way, has a tradition of medieval jollity revived each year with appropriate trappings. PETER CARVELL charts the progress of the 1964 event which began with a startling piece of drama. Photographs by RICHARD SWAYNE

Jester
at
the
fair
is
Tony
Cox,
one
of
the
maypole
dancers
from
Abinger
Common
Primary
School



A thousand pounds is a lot to expect in four hours—especially at a country fête. Needed are a good gimmick, good publicity, lots of hard work, no rain . . . and luck.

At Abinger Common they had a good start eight years ago when the rector, Dr. Chapman, and his wife revived the village's fair of ancient tradition. Abinger sits on the Pilgrim's Way, and for centuries the locals gave food and drink to pilgrims, who in return put on a show for them. The Chapmans revived it in medieval style: the villagers turned out in medieval clothes, some of the games in the programme were from the same period. The fête was held—as it still is—on the same green, next the same churchyard. The village still supplies food and drink, but now puts on the show as well, and asks for your money for local charities. The initial revival received publicity—through John DuBois the story of Abinger reached America, and the fayre was an international success.

Any fête needs a lot of hard work and with people like Bert Randall around this was no problem. But what about the rain? It had never rained before and this year the committee under the Rev. Paul Kelly, the present Rector, had decided not to take out an insurance policy. On the Friday before at 9 o'clock in the evening the first thunder echoed round the Surrey hills.

When I arrived two hours earlier the village was humming. Tents were going up around the village green, the arena for the riding show was being cordoned, the sheep spit was finished and there was a great clanging of hammers in every corner. Around the village some of the latecomers were collecting their costumes from Mrs. Mary Staples; some of the early guests were arriving at the manor for the weekend house party given by Mr. & Mrs. Clark, and in the schoolroom girls were practising the Maypole Dance. The front of the Hatch hostelry was getting a whitewash and, inside, the last informal meeting was being held before the great day.

All the arrangements were ticked off—A.A. for signposting; the police for car parking and security; insurance against third party; Scouts and Guides to lend a hand; the local farmer to use his fallow field for parking. Crockery had arrived from Dorking. There was bran for the lucky dip; a fowl for the cockerel prize; drinks, ice and a licence for the beer stall. The police dogs' display team had been booked; the fee was agreed for Madame X to tell fortunes; Mr. A. Presto had agreed to give two Punch & Judy shows; the local riding school were practising for their exhibition. Handbills had been left in all the Surrey pubs for weeks before, and the district council had been persuaded to allow a banner across Dorking High Street. Everything looked fine.

Then at 9 o'clock the rain pelted down, the field emptied, the villagers went home to try on costumes and put the children to bed. "You get a lot of local storms here. It'll be over in a few hours," said John

DuBois. "I reckon we might make the £1,000 tomorrow if the papers give us some publicity and it keeps fine."

Outside the Hatch the green looked as it might have done 600 years ago on the night before the pilgrims arrived; the tents wore a crown of gold, red and yellow silk and, standing under the trees by the church, I couldn't see a house or hear a car. All evening the almost simultaneous thunder and lightning went on, people got soaked just running out to their cars, and then at midnight the lightning struck.

A triple fork flashed on to the wooden tower of the church. For two hours a human chain saved what it could in the smoke. Fire engines arrived from all over Surrey but the tower was almost completely destroyed. Abinger got its publicity next morning, but not the way it hoped. News of the tragedy brought visitors early into the village; the Bishop of Guildford



Reaching the £800 mark, Mr. W. J. Wilkin, treasurer for the fair, counts the takings. *Opposite page:* Chaplin-type newspaperman dispenses wit in the rain under the crockery-coconut remains

arrived to look at the damage, so did the Duchess of Northumberland. The fête was now back where it began—finding money to repair the church. Everyone prayed for fine weather. The sun was out and it looked like that £1,000 was going to be needed more than ever.

By 11 o'clock the medieval entrance gate finally went up in the corner of the field, the loudspeakers were tested and the sheep was half roasted. The stalls were nearly finished. Miss Carroll was setting up her pottery wheel and Miss Allchin her spinning wheel. An air of confidence settled over the green until the bunting was mislaid. Half-an-hour later it was found next to the tent for the ladies' loo. As everyone drifted off for a quick lunch the rain started just gently.

But by 2 o'clock the cars were pouring in, the whole village seemed to be in

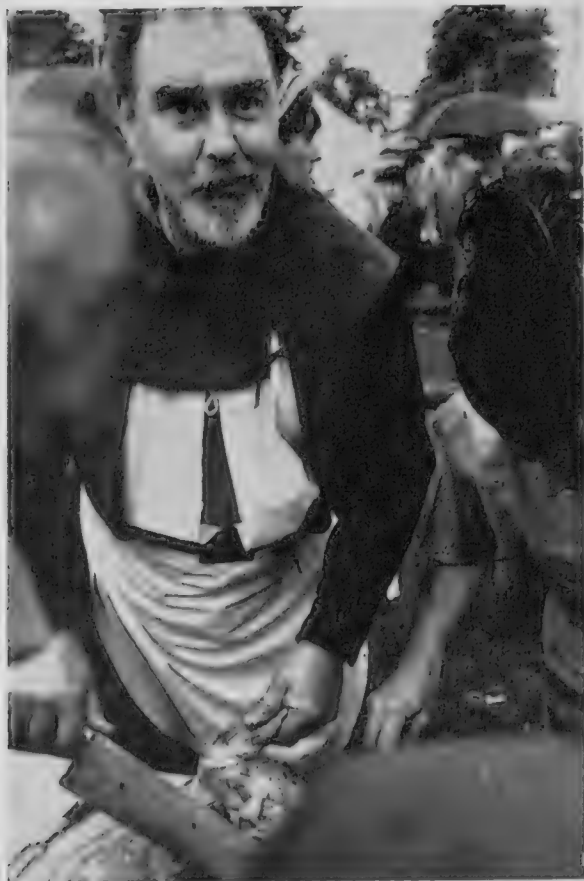
hessian and silk—and the rain stopped. Dozens of girls in long calico dresses and tall Saxon hats lined up their horses under the trees for the procession. Ciné cameras whirled, the horses tossed their ribboned necks and it looked like a real medieval pageant. At 2.30 exactly the first rider went through the archway. The sun shone at last and the fête had begun. Already more than 1,000 guests were there to see the motley crowd of knaves and knights, barmen and barmaids, ladies of fashion and peasant girls; by 4 o'clock one would confidently expect 3,000. The fête was declared open by Mr. John Guest and the money started to roll.

The next four hours were up to the visitors. They could play medieval golf, ride a horse or try a bicycle without a handlebar. They could win an evening in London for two, knock a monk's hat off, buy home-made jam or try to find a pound note in a honeycomb. Pent-up energy could be used to hurl wooden balls at old crockery, kick a football against a wall of balloons, knock down a giant set of skittles, or toss a sheaf of hay 15 feet in the air. The lazier ones could watch the riding by local girls, police dog training by the Surrey Police, or buy a thousand things ranging from an Edward VII Coronation Cup to a book of poems by the local genius.

It didn't matter much what they did so long as they spent money and enjoyed themselves. Noise came from the marquee and the Punch & Judy show, but the queue for Madame X was quiet and pensive. After an hour-and-a-half of sunshine drizzle returned just after four, so the tea room filled up with chattering people, hands full of home-made cakes and Victorian bric-à-brac. After 20 minutes the sun came through again and everyone rushed out to see the tilting the bucket show. In this old medieval game it was a boy in a wheelbarrow who brought the bucket of water down on the man who was pushing him.

By 5.30 the end was near. It was pouring hard and the cars began to jerk out of the field, the stalls were packed up, the lorry arrived to take the chairs away, the lottery was drawn, the free dinners awarded and the remaining things on the household stall were auctioned by Mr. Ian Frazer. The last of the horses clopped off and at 6.30 even the ice-cream van gave up. The villagers trudged wearily off, wet and a little depressed. Within two hours the green was deserted except for the marquee full of chairs and ropes, tarpaulins and tables, flags and bunting—and Mr. Wilkins and his band counting the money.

At 9 o'clock he announced that it looked like £800 give or take a few pounds. If the rain hadn't come at the crucial moment the fête would have made its thousand; it had had everything—except luck. But it was still the best-ever and it looked as though the church would get the money it needed, as well as all the other hospitals, charities, clubs and homes who rely for their life on afternoons like this.



Above left: drinks behind the fabric stall for Janice Harber, Mrs. June Broomer and her children Janice and Vincent. *Above right:* Commander Henry Ellis and his wife Susan shelter under a golf umbrella. *Top left:* Captain Jock Roderick, patron and chef of the Abinger Hatch inn, carves the spit-roasted sheep. *Top right:* a visitor tries his hand in the Tossing the Sheaf competition; although a "furriner" he tossed it more than 15 feet. *Opposite page: Top:* Mr. Peter Milburne sold out rather quickly. *Bottom left:* a touch of Maid Marian by Lynda Mackie from Ranmore. *Bottom right:* ice cream on horseback for Miss Tania Larrigan, a member of the Parkhurst Livery Stables & Riding School exhibition team



The buckets and spades have been put back into storage and still the autumn term is over the horizon. Even the best-tempered of parents find the tail end of the summer holidays a strain on their resources and their imagination. The shows have all been seen, the favourite haunts exhausted and the burning question is

SO WHERE DO YOU TAKE THEM NOW?



Marine Timekeeper. H. 4.

Marine Timekeeper is a large silver watch, 5.2 inches in diameter, with the assistance of his son William and it was completed in 1759, and tested at sea on a voyage to Jamaica in January 1762 it was found to have lost only 5.1 seconds, an achievement which, in the latitude of Jamaica, is just what was needed. Harrison was eventually awarded the long-

Marine Timekeeper by Larcum Kendall. K. 1.

As a young man Larcum Kendall (1721-1790) was apprenticed to John Jefferys, who made a watch to Harrison's design in 1753. In 1756 he was one of the committee chosen by the Board of Longitude to hear Harrison's explanation of H. 4. In 1767 Kendall was engaged by the Board to copy H. 4 in order to find out whether timekeepers on Harrison's principles could be made satisfactorily by other makers. His copy, K. 1, was completed in 1769 and corresponds "in all essential circumstances" with H. 4. William Harrison "declared himself to be exceedingly satisfied with Mr. Kendall's workmanship, which in some respects he acknowledged to be superior to that of his Father". The watch was tried at the Royal Observatory and then sent to sea with Captain Cook on his second (1772-75) and third (1776-1780) voyages. During these protracted voyages it performed reliably under rigorous conditions. It was later lent to Captain George Vancouver for his voyage to the N.W. coast of America, 1791-95.

A river trip to Greenwich is an established favourite with children of all ages. The National Maritime Museum is open every weekday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and from 2.30 to 6 p.m. on Sundays. The galleries are set out in chronological order to illustrate maritime history from the reign of Henry VII to the present day. Looking at the collection of maritime timekeepers are Peter and Michael Greene, of Regent's Park, whose father is a marine engineer. Independent of the museum, the clipper ship *Cutty Sark* is open to the public from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. every weekday and from 2.30 to 6 p.m. on Sundays. Also close at hand is the Royal Naval College. Sir James Thornhill's famous Painted Hall and the Chapel are open from 2.30 to 5 p.m. every day except Thursdays.

The Air (right) and Maritime departments (bottom right) of the Science Museum have recently been rehoused in the museum's main premises in Exhibition Road, Kensington, when some additions were made to the exhibits. One of the most popular features of the museum is the Chemistry department with its exhibition of laboratories through the ages, starting with the alchemists' equipment and coming up to the present day. The museum is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays and from 2.30 to 6 p.m. every Sunday. There are conducted tours daily

Woburn Abbey, which the Duke & Duchess of Bedford justifiably call *the* stately home, has a beautiful natural zoo park of 3,000 acres in which herds of deer and buffalo can be seen. Tourists come in their thousands to the large funfair and sideshows, the most inviting of which is a quiet ride in the grounds in a coach and four (centre). The state rooms of the Abbey, with their numerous art treasures, have been installed with modern radio receivers over which a personal commentary on the history of the rooms is given. The Abbey is closed on Mondays. The park opens at 12.30 p.m. from Tuesdays to Sundays and the Abbey opens one hour later. Last admissions to the park are at 5 p.m. but this is extended to 7.15 p.m. on Sundays during August

The Bekonscot Model Village and Railway (bottom left) is in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire. This beautifully laid out collection of miniature shops, houses and churches has its own docks, airport and zoo, and attracts a considerable number of people, based mainly on the principle that it takes two adults to bring one child safely to a show. Model trains galore run through the gardens and the village is open daily from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.



... and briefly, a few more suggestions:

LONDON PLANETARIUM, Marylebone Rd., next to Madame Tussauds. Opens 11 a.m. (Sundays 1.45 p.m.) Many performances. (Adults 4s., children 2s.)

LITTLE ANGEL MARIONETTES, 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross Street, N.1. (CAN 1787.)

MUSEUM OF BRITISH TRANSPORT, Clapham High St., S.W.4. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. (Adults 2s. 6d., children 1s. 6d.)

BARGE TRIPS ON REGENT'S CANAL, from 60 Blomfield Rd., Little Venice. (Adults 4s., children 2s. CUN 3428/9869.)

SHELL CENTRE, South Bank, 25th Floor, viewing gallery. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. (2s. 6d.)

FARNBOROUGH FLYING DISPLAY, Farnborough, Hants. Sept. 11, 12, 13 (Flying 3 p.m.)

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High St. Galleries & restaurant. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Sundays 2.30 to 6 p.m.

LONDON MUSEUM, Kensington Palace. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sundays 2 to 6 p.m.

RIVER & DOCKS CRUISE, Port of London. From Tower Pier, 2.30 to 6 p.m. (Adults 9s., children under 16, accompanied, 4s. 6d. Booking, ROY 2000, Ext. 92/260.)

WHIPSNADE ZOO, by Green Line bus 713 direct. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. (Adults 5s., children 2s. 6d. Mondays, 3s. and 1s. 6d.)

LONDON AIRPORT, Green Line buses 704 & 705 from Kensington High Street.

... and more pictures overleaf

PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

Left and right: the lavish exhibition of contemporary British toys that can be seen at the Bethnal Green Museum, Cambridge Heath Road, E.2, until 18 October covers an extensive range to suit all pockets. Parents are unable to purchase toys at the exhibition so it seems a suitable place to take children with a view to getting their opinions on Christmas presents. Of more specialized interest is the exhibition of Toys of the Past on another floor. The Museum is open from 10 to 6 p.m. on weekdays and from 2.30 to 6 p.m. on Sundays

Opposite page: this Balinese mask is one of a large and unique collection in the Horniman Museum in London Road, Forest Hill. Mr. Horniman opened his house as a museum in 1878 but the curios he brought back from his tea estates swelled the collection so much that its founder soon had to move to Surrey Mount, a smaller house in the grounds, which was demolished last year. In 1901 the museum was given to the LCC and remains the largest ethnological collection in South London. Children visiting the museum are loaned drawing materials at the children's centre and, after three visits, they may join the Children's Club where they are given informal instruction in various arts and crafts relating to ethnology (though as yet the teachers have stopped short of shrinking human heads). The museum also contains a collection of rare musical instruments and a Zoology department. Opening hours are 10.30 to 6 p.m. between Tuesday and Saturday and from 2 to 6 p.m. on Sundays. The museum is closed every Monday and the Children's Club is only open on Saturdays during school term time





TAKE A LOOK AT LONDON

404 TATLER 16 AUGUST 1961





The London couture collections provided a nicely balanced programme of beautiful, personalized clothes, shot through with flashes of news, colour and humour. Designed to fit into the British calendar of events, their London signature

has also scored a hit in America, where group showings by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers are to be staged next month. Unity Barnes samples the collections, with photographs by David Hurn. Hair by Gerard Austen at Carita



JOHN CAVANAGH (*above*) uses soft tobacco and grey tweed from W. Bill for a gently styled trouser suit with a short-sleeved, waist-fitting overblouse. The loose, raglan-sleeved jacket is lined with thick, warm opossum. The scarf-tied lemon silk hat is designed by Reed Crawford for John Cavanagh.

MICHAEL'S (*left*) superbly cut trousers and blazer jacket in navy blue flannel by Hunt & Winterbotham are softened into sheerest femininity by a white ermine sweater, belted with navy satin ribbon, designed by Michael for Bradleys. The jaunty ermine beret is by Graham Smith

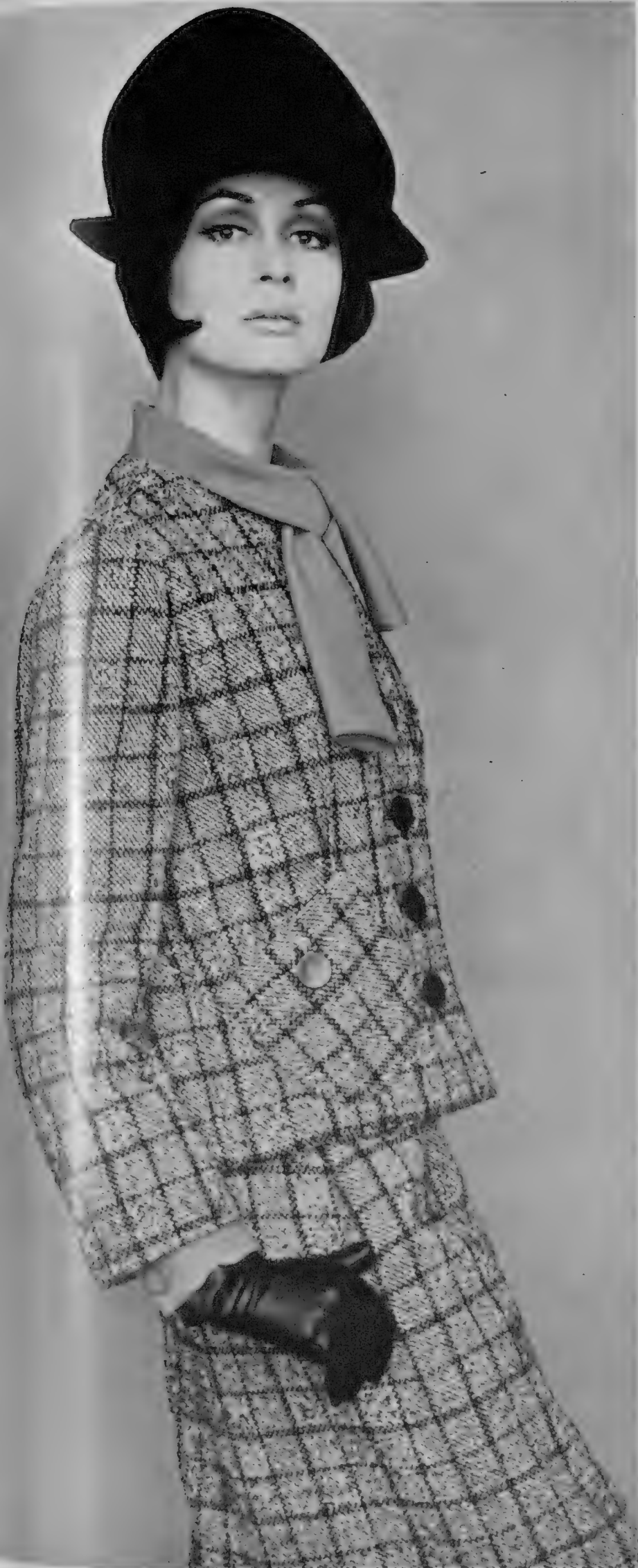
HARDY AMIES (*far left*) brings all the panache of his successful men's clothes to his version of the trouser suit. This one, in John G. Hardy's classic grey and black tweed, has impeccably crisp lines, a simple sweater-shaped overblouse. It also has a matching skirt, as a versatile addition or a conventional alternative. The mannish trilby is by Hardy Amies too. Black leather parade boots by Rayne; gloves by Dents

CHARLES CREED (*below*) shapes up vivid tabasco red tweed by George Roberts into a smoothly sculptured coat with deep crescent armholes, a rolled collar. The ice-cool hat in white kid is by Simone Mirman



MATTLI's peony red coat (*right*) in Petillault's tweed falls straight at the back, is narrowed in to a stitched midriff in front. Vernier's mink hat pulls snugly down to meet the high collar





RONALD PATERSON's brisk young about-town suit (*left*) in grey and black checked tweed by Petillault has a jacket indented at the front, a skirt gathered easily in to the waist, a flash of scarlet in the cravat-necked wool blouse. Outsize black velour cloche by Ronald Paterson



MICHAEL adds a fringed tie (*above*) to his characteristic suit in pink and sage green Italian wool sprinkled with Lurex, from Brossin de Mere. The little round-necked blouse is in sage green crepe. Sage felt hat by Graham Smith for Michael. Kid gloves by Morley



MATTLI (*left*) always a clever exponent of the little black dress, makes this in two pieces from Staron's wool crepe. The dress itself is bound at top and hem with black satin, has narrow satin straps; the pullover top, also satin-bound, is slashed to a deep V at back and front

RONALD PATERSON (*centre left*) makes a straight-down six-o'clock dress in lacquer red and gold matelassé by Brossin de Mere. The neckline is slit from the stand-up collar to the little group of flat buttons; deep box pleats break out low around the skirt

JOHN CAVANAGH'S (*far left*) smoothly sophisticated strapless evening dress in silvery grey and pink blistered cloqué by Petillault has a long side-buttoned jacket circled at the hem with pink satin. Pearl grey satin shoes from Bally of Switzerland







HARDY AMIES (*left*) chooses chalk white silk crepe from Lamarre for an instep-length dress with a deeply pleated skirt, a long overblouse with a double row of buttons down the back. The yards-long My Fair Lady boa is in white ostrich feathers

MICHAEL (*centre left*) uses lamé brocade from Bianchini for an evening dress of richly Oriental colouring. The top fastens with a single button at the shoulder, has a long sash slotted through the front; the narrow skirt wraps across, sari-wise, to the side

HARTNELL's masterly touch (*far left*) with great-occasion clothes is brilliantly demonstrated in his opulently simple dress made up of a myriad paillettes worked into a chequerboard of white and aquamarine silk tulle by Playle. Over it, he showed a sleeveless coat, in aquamarine linen by Moreau

GOOD LOOKS GOOD MEASURE

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

A good looking body has less to do with weight than with proportion. The loss of a stone isn't going to do much for you unless it's in the right places. That's why, massage, exercise and eating less over a long period work better than a starvation regime for a week or so that leaves you tired and depressed. And even the most carefully planned and calorie-counted diet is usually sabotaged by eating in other people's houses or just the plain boredom of eating different food to everyone else. A good working plan for losing inches is to cut down (or out) all carbohydrates and sweet things. The most inoffensive sugar substitutes are Boots's Sweetex in the liquid version and the Swiss Hermetas. But coffee without sugar tastes normal after two weeks and many prefer it to a fake sugar taste. Props for an easy diet: chew hard little fruit gums (Boots) in between meals. These help enormously if you are giving up smoking or sweets. And are more accessible than the raw carrot that is usually recommended.

Boots also sell Dietade products—like low calorie vinaigrette dressing, canned peaches, that are blamelessly sugar free. A planned diet of exercise tautens muscles and makes the body lean and lithe. Even a weekly visit to a PT class helps because there you learn to move rhythmically and intelligently so the right muscles are moving. A slightly different movement diet

is given by Lotte Berk at 29

Manchester Street, W.1.

Modern ballet and physical

culture are part of a pro-

gramme that is particu-

larly helpful after a baby

Heudebert make delici-

cious alternatives to bread

Their crisp, golden slices are

like toast caught at the perfect

moment and their calorie content

is less than half that of bread.

The starch-reduced slices

are about 10 calories per

slice. Body treatments

and exercises are avail-

able at most beauty

salons—Elizabeth

Arden give a good

course of treatments

and 30 or 50 min-

ute sessions of

exercise, while

Joy Byrne has

a delicate form

of electric vibra-

tory massage

at her salon in

Baker Street

that firms

up the

face.

on plays

Pat Wallace / Father of the man

Roger Vitrac was a surrealist writer for the theatre, and his play *Victor* has been produced in France on three occasions since 1928, latterly by Jean Anouilh with immense success, and now at the Aldwych Theatre for the first time in London. It is satirical, absurd, inconsequential, savage and for the most part amusing. Because Vitrac was ahead of his time, the play has not dated; the comedy has still as much point, the farce as much hilarious effectiveness, the satire hits its targets as surely.

Victor is a child of nine whose precocity has a malicious edge. With his contemporary, Esther, he delights in spying on their parents, making use of the information to persecute the elders. When he has evidence that they are having affairs it is his big chance and he takes it as decisively as any general in the field, his object being not blackmail (too unsubtle), but a gradual deterioration in everybody's peace of mind.

Victor's machinations are not confined to the public and private lives of parents however. He plagues the maid, provokes a distinguished old soldier into a highly ambiguous exhibition, brings on attacks of near dementia in a middle-aged gentleman and recites doubtful verse with an expression of childlike candour. He is not so much an enfant terrible as the enfant terrible, as articulate as he is voluble. Mr. Michael Bryant's performance in this part, even given the incongruity of a man in his 30's playing a little boy, is masterly. I remember him well from *Five Finger Exercise* and recognise the accuracy and intelligent nature of his playing. Timing is of immense importance on any stage and particularly important in the delicate balance of a comedy, and here Mr. Bryant proves himself an actor of real finesse.

As for the character who is roused to fits of frenzy by Victor's barbed inquiries about

his hero, Bazaine, Mr. Ken Wynne is magnificent with an almost Goon-like capacity for flying into meaningless rages and slipping out of them with a beaming smile. It is his wife who is the mistress of Victor's father and Miss June Jago makes her as pretty and flutery as the role demands. Miss Brenda Bruce is unexpectedly cast as Victor's mother and very convincing she is, particularly in the course of a marvellous bedroom row with her husband, during which he compensates for his insomnia by planing bits off the bedstead. (I hope I have made it clear that this is not a play about the obvious?)

The alarming early maturity of Victor, we are to learn, is not complete. There appears one evening in his family's apartment a beautiful woman to whom they all take immediately despite a disability represented in this production by tuba excerpts from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It is she who whispers her version of the facts of life to the boy and, in doing so, helps to achieve Victor's own disintegration. For he is not invulnerable and indeed the play ends with him on his deathbed and, typically, a

comic line to bring the curtain down.

"He's so gratifying in so many ways," says Victor's father of his son at one point. He was mistaken, poor man, but fiercely entertaining he certainly is and the play with him.

In the modern style, there is no curtain in the New Arts production of *Mr. Whatnot* by Alan Ayckbourn, so that one's first impression is of a set looking as if designed by a nursery interior decorator. It proves to be a fitting background for a charade in which a number of middle-aged characters indulge in juvenile romps accompanied by a range of sound effects which could not be bettered by the B.B.C.'s Children's Hour, and dialogue which might come from a sketch in an intimate revue in the 1920s. It is made bearable by the brilliant miming of Peter King, "a piano tuner," and the authoritative performances of such skilled hands as Miss Marie Löhr, Mr. Ronnie Barker and Miss Judy Campbell. Whatever the fate of this offering a bright new talent emerges in Miss Diane Clare of whom, no doubt, we shall hear a good deal more.

on films

Elsbeth Grant / Poverty breeds success

The indestructible Miss Debbie Reynolds curls herself into the title role of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* with tremendous verve and abandon, displaying an energy so powerful that it verges on the nuclear. All the same, and despite her relentless ebullience, this whacking great musical—based on a stage production that ran for two years on Broadway—is curiously pedestrian. It lacks the very quality the title leads one to expect—buoyancy. A few good, whistleable tunes might have helped remedy this deficiency and it's really a pity they're not there, as Miss Reynolds's co-star, Mr. Harve Presnell, a strapping newcomer imported from opera, has a voice that could have done them proud.

The sentimental songs allotted to Mr. Presnell are sadly uninspired. He sings them soulfully enough, in an impressively handsome Colorado landscape (back-projected and containing a highly selective echo that only picks up words like "home" and "love") but still they fall flat. Of the very few numbers with the slightest bounce to them, the best is a

rather coarse one in which Miss Reynolds, as a saloon hostess (period early 1900s), invites the boozy miners of Leadville to "belly-up to the bar, boys" while prancing about in a decidedly unladylike way.

Well, of course, Molly is no lady. She was fished out of a roaring river when a babe by a rough old backwoodsman (Mr. Ed Begley) and the poverty in which she was raised has given her nothing but a gritty determination to get into the big money somehow—any old how, one gathers—in the best (?) American tradition. She's heading for the bright lights of Denver when she stops off at Leadville, where a young prospector called Johnny Brown (Mr. Presnell) builds her a house, buys her a bonny brass bedstead and marries her.

It nearly drives Molly (and me) mad when Johnny's little nest-egg of 300,000 dollars is accidentally burnt in the kitchen stove—but not to worry; the next minute John stumbles upon the richest goldmine in Colorado and the Browns, now multi-millionaires, move into the biggest and most ostentatiously hid-

eous mansion on Paradise Way, Denver, and settle down to enjoy a spot of high life.

Their wealthy neighbours are fearful snobs who shudder over Molly's uncouthness (not surprisingly, really, as her would-be friendly advances are made in a voice suitable for calling hogs from the next county). They snub her severely and stay away from her "athomes" in droves. On the advice of a kindly Monsignor (Mr. George Mitchell) Molly nips off to Europe with Johnny to acquire a few social graces. The civilized Europeans regard Molly as an amusing "original" and in no time she has collected a number of titled hangers-on, including a German Baron (Mr. Fred Essler), a French Prince (Mr. Vassili Lambrinos) and a Russian Grand Duchess (superb Miss Martita Hunt), whom she takes back in triumph to Denver.

The local snobs are agog over Molly's haul of celebrities but, alas, the party she gives for them ends in a shambles—her husband, with commendable loyalty to his old buddies, having invited along a bunch of Leadville miners who don't consider any beanfeast is complete without a brawl. Molly is so mortified that she returns to Europe alone, dismally convinced that Denver's High Society dames will never

accept her.

They do, though—eventually. When Molly decides she can't live a moment longer without Johnny, she sails for America in the fated *Titanic* and behaves so splendidly during the shipwreck—giving her chinchilla wrap to a shivering woman in the lifeboat and braving the cold night air in a practically topless evening gown and a simple diamond necklace—that she becomes the sort of national heroine everybody wants to know.

There isn't much humour in the film (which, by the way, Mr. Charles Walters has directed with a fairly heavy hand) and very little human warmth, apart from that supplied by dear Miss Hermione Baddeley as the cosy, uncultured Mum of Denver's most fashionable hostess—a frozen-faced lady (Miss Audrey Christie) who would, if she dared, confine her despised parent in an upstairs backroom or the servants' quarters. I can't remember a single telling line of dialogue in the whole 127 minutes of screen-time, but I did rather like the inscription millionaire Johnny had engraved inside his wife's wedding ring: "Always remember two things—I love you and the name of the bank."

The East German film, *Naked Among Wolves*, well directed

by Herr Frank Beyer, is (as I suppose was only to be expected) somewhat overloaded with Communist propaganda, but it's worth seeing for the grimly compelling picture it presents of Buchenwald concentration camp. In the last few weeks before the end of the war a three-year-old Polish-Jewish orphan boy is smuggled into the camp by an elderly Pole, who is sent to an extermination centre.

A member of the largely Communist camp "underground" hides the child in the clothing store, which is very disturbing for the other prisoners (there were, it seems, more than 20,000 of them) for if the

S.S. find him they will certainly kill him and mete out brutal punishment to all whom they suspect of protecting him.

It is left to the leading "trustee", a Communist whom the S.S. have made a "Kapo" because of his organizing ability and the authority he exerts over the men in his charge, to weigh up the moral issues and decide how many men's lives can be risked for the sake of the child. I need hardly tell you that the decision he makes is noble and humane—though whether the unfortunate prisoners who suffer torture as a result of his high-mindedness would agree, is impossible to tell.



Mr. Norman Reid relaxes beside an Auguste Rodin bronze figure after his appointment as Director of the Tate Gallery

on books

Oliver Warner / The road to the block

In that span of history of which the English Civil War is so important a part, few episodes are more dramatic, moving or even poetic than the final days of Charles I. Now Dr. C. V. Wedgwood, in *The Trial of Charles I* (Collins 30s.), has written an account which, though it fits into the pattern of her narrative of the fortunes of the king's entire reign—its opening peace, and its later tragic struggle—stands a little apart from the rest of her series. "I found," says the author, "I had accumulated the material for a study... which could best be treated in a book to itself, rather than as part of a general history." However well a reader may think he knows the outline of the events which took Charles to the block, I find it hard to imagine that anyone will not be captivated by this fresh and balanced version. It concludes with the fate of the regicides more than a decade later, after Charles II had regained his throne, and it is sad to find how men like the inarticulate Colonel Hacker, a mere officer of the court who was doing his duty, suffered death, while others, through luck, flight or shameless betrayal of their friends, were able to save their skins.

It seems a little uneven of fate that while the pith of some lives could be compressed into a single, dull sentence, others cannot go for a walk in the park without bumping into adventure. *All Told: the Memoirs of a Multiple Man* by Frederic O'Brady (Bodley Head 21s.) is an autobiography belonging to the second category. From the opening sentence: "My mother

was the ugliest woman I ever saw," to the last page, it is all sparkle and surprise, as you might expect from an actor, puppet-master, novelist, musician, polymath and Foreign Legionary who eloped with the star of the *Folies Bergère*.

In *Statues in a Garden* by Isabel Colegate (Bodley Head 18s.) the author, who confesses to 31, has tried to recapture the atmosphere of 1914. She heightens her effects by introducing real and politically orientated characters, and although the atmosphere, as one would expect, is a shade brittle, she does bring her story off. It would be misguided to disclose the plot, and though there is a private tragedy as well as the loom of greater events, I can promise pleasure and conviction, even if on a modest scale. The characters soon take on life and activity in their own right, and one's opening scepticism is soon transformed into a warmer interest.

Vivian Stuart, in *Like Victors and Lords* (Robert Hale 15s.), lifts words from Tennyson's lines on the Charge of the Heavy Brigade in the Crimea, for use in her title. Her outlook is more romantic but her method is similar to Isabel Colegate's in that, against a pattern of real people and of war (Lords Raglan and Cardigan, Captain Nolan and Florence Nightingale, Balaklava and the fetid hospitals all figure) she weaves the story of her two principal characters. I am relieved to say she has no inhibitions about a happy ending. There are vivid details of scarlet soldiering, experienced

craft in story-telling, and no teasing indications that this is a story with more subtle purpose than to entertain and please.

To Catch a Spy, edited by Eric Ambler (Bodley Head 16s.), is a selection of spy stories, with a discourse on the subject in general from a clever practitioner. Buchan, Maugham, Compton Mackenzie, Graham Greene, Ian Fleming and the editor himself are all represented, so the standard is high, though I agree with the editor that the spy story generally needs novel length to develop properly. I am not always with him in his choice, but share his view of the extremely high place which belongs to Maugham's *Ashenden*.

Briefly... Calvin Trillin's *An Education in Georgia* (Gollancz 18s.) sets out to answer the question; How do "integrated" negro students actually fare, once they have been admitted to the advantages of a "white" university? Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes, a man and a woman, are the subject of a close, balanced, and not too depressing investigation... Colin Ronan, in *The Astronomers*

(Evans 25s.), has produced a timely account of the lives and quests of famous astronomers through the ages, his range including the Greeks, the men of the Renaissance and the big people of today.

More sensational in every respect is *Now... the Duchesses* by James Freeman and the Duchess of Bedford (Times Press and Anthony Gibbs and Phillips 35s.). Astonishing end-paper photographs show the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn with 101 living descendants—actually, she had many more—and the text roves in pleasant way right up to the present day, my favourite character being Consuelo, once Duchess of Marlborough, who had such a sticky time as a young woman. It is also brought home how wearisome it must be to be as rich as a recent Duke of Westminster, always trying to fight ennui, and not always succeeding... One for the road: *Murder by Precedent* by Rhona Petrie (Gollancz 16s.) is a thriller with a big-business plot. It is well up to the general level of its type, and it is now many years since anyone supposed that there was still room for the amateur in this field.

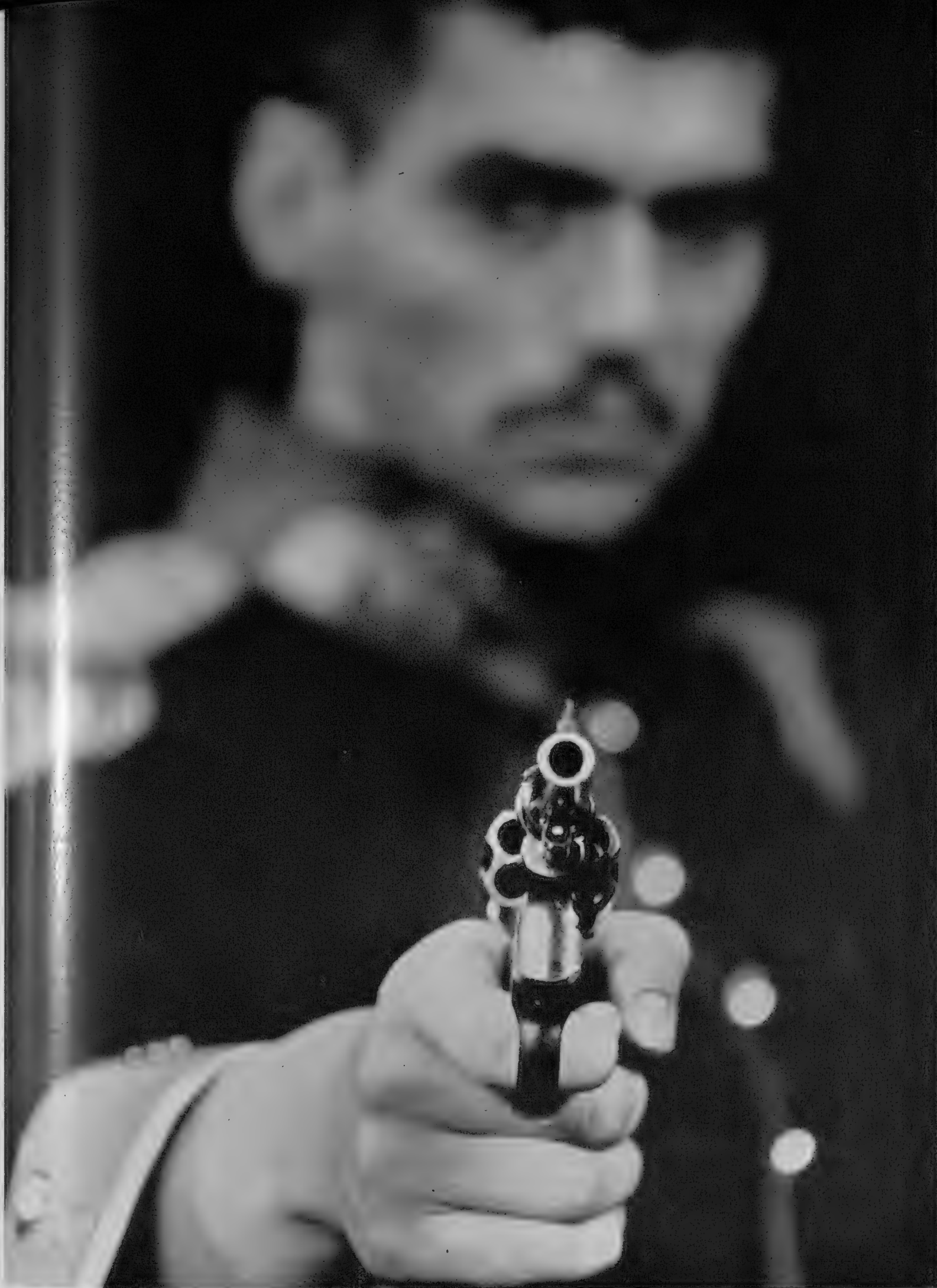
on records

Spike Hughes / Father and son

Like the granite horse-trough erected "*A la mémoire du roi Edouard VII, ami des animaux*", another famous landmark in Dieppe—the Casino Orchestra—has long since been swept aside by the march of progress. It was fitting, therefore, to find that in reporting the death of Pierre Monteux last month the local paper in Dieppe (where I was at the time)

should have reminded its readers proudly that Monteux's first job as a conductor was as *chef d'orchestre* of the Dieppe Casino Orchestra in 1910. He was then 35, which is a late start for a debutant conductor, but surely not so late that it should have delayed him making what was apparently his very first Mozart recording

continued on page 416



*The National Youth Theatre doesn't need to hold its audience in their seats at gun point—the young company is too well thought of for that—but guns do appear in their current production of *Coriolanus* which is set in the period just preceding 1914. John Nightingale has the title role. Also in the repertory is a more conventional production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The company has moved slap into the middle of the West End for this year's season—they are at the Queen's in Shaftesbury Avenue*

until he was 89. Monteux's last record for Decca was of Mozart's Flute Concerto in D (K.314) with his son Claude as soloist in this, as well as in Bach's B Minor Suite and the *Dance of the Blessed Spirits* from Gluck's *Orpheus* (one record: mono and stereo).

It is not only a unique recording (Pierre Monteux's first Mozart, the first and only record of father and son at work, and so on), but quite maddeningly tantalizing in the brief glimpses it gives us of the conductor's crystal clear way with Mozart's music. Claude Monteux plays admirably but perhaps because he was born and educated in America he doesn't produce that wonderful silvery tone of the flute which is the glory of true French flute playing. But I don't suppose that can be taught anyway; it's to do with the air you breathe and the food you eat.

The English have always been inclined to take up foreign composers neglected by everybody else outside the composer's own country. Since the war it has been Janáček; his operas have been done enthusiastically at Sadler's Wells and this year he is on the bill with Berlioz as Edinburgh's *plat du festival*. Why this sort of thing should have happened

only *after* the war I can't think; Janáček died in 1928. To help things along at Edinburgh, Pye have reissued (this time with a stereo version) an earlier record called simply **Janáček** which has the extremely individual and attractive *Sinfonietta* on one side and the prelude to four of Janáček's operas on the other—*Katya Kabanova*, *The Makropulos Affair*, *The House of the Dead*, and an introduction intended, but never used, for *Jenufa*. Charles Mackerras conducts with a combination of love, affection and natural vigour which adds up to a most satisfying and convincing record altogether.

It must be due to the approaching Age of Leisure or something that in the course of 49 concerts the 1964 Proms have time for only one Mozart symphony (as though we already knew the other 40 backwards), but can devote a whole evening to a single Mahler symphony as well as 70 minutes each to Bruckner's Fifth and Mahler's Tenth. There is no doubt, I think, that Mahler must have had quite a different idea of time from most of us. He took a long time to say things and even when he wrote a Scherzo it generally turned out to be a pretty languorous

affair. Mahler's **Fifth Symphony**, on three sides of two CBS records (mono and stereo) conducted by Leonard Bernstein, is as typical of the composer as one could imagine—moments of great charm interspersed between some *quarts d'heure* which, if not altogether *mauvais*, can be fairly agonizing nevertheless. Mr. Bernstein, the composer of *West Side Story*, has his trumpets use some mutes more usually encountered at jam sessions than in respectable classical circles and certainly unknown to Mahler. The immediate effect of this is to make even the uncommitted rise in defence of the composer; jazz mutes change the whole character of some of Mahler's most original and sympathetic passages. Maybe by modern standards the old fibre mutes of Mahler's time are a bit corny; but they have the merit of making the noise the composer wanted.

The fourth side of this CBS set consists of Jennie Tourel singing Mahler's songs with orchestra, the *Kindertotenlieder* or Songs on the Death of Children. Miss Tourel, who once quit the New York Metropolitan when they tried to stop her singing in a night club, sings this cycle beautifully and

convinces me once more that in the end the megalomaniac composers like Mahler and Strauss were at their best writing unpretentious songs.

One of the quaintest conceits of the modern school of Viennese composers (that is, from Bruckner and Mahler to Schoenberg and Webern) has always been that they are all descended from Schubert. They do not claim affinity with Beethoven or Mozart; Schubert's their boy. Personally I find that the one composer I invariably turn to as a relief after a basinful of the later Viennese school is Schubert, just because he is so completely different—the most spontaneous, immediately lovable, uncomplicated, unpretentious, unneurotic, undogmatic composer who ever lived. Schubert's **Fourth and Fifth Symphonies** (Decca: one record, mono and stereo) superbly played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Münchinger, are wonderfully full of these qualities. It is astonishing that all those Viennese successors who admired him so much that they thought they were his re-incarnation should have learned so remarkably little from him—not even that they weren't in the least like him.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / The sands are running out

There must be, I imagine, at least half-a-million test-tubes filled with coloured sands lying in the lumber rooms of half-a-million homes in Britain. One of them is mine. True I haven't seen it for 30 years but that is only because during all that time I have never succeeded in thinking of any use for it. Just how lacking in imagination I was (why does someone else always have the bright ideas first?) was brought home to me colourfully the moment I walked into the Madden Galleries (off Baker Street) and saw the work of Yvonne Poulton. Miss Poulton's best pictures are "painted" in sand—the same vari-coloured sand that souvenir hunters have been taking from the cliffs of Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, for so long that it is hard to believe there can be any cliffs left there.

Sand is not, of course, a new medium for artists. It has been used extensively in recent years by abstract painters to give "surface interest" and an added tactile quality to their work. It is used in Japan today to give a sophisticated touch to

a traditional art and it was used in this country by some Victorian artists who manipulated it with the same painstaking skill that they brought to their painting in oils. Primitive peoples have used it since time immemorial. One of Yvonne Poulton's techniques in handling it, far from being 'fundamentally new' as has been claimed, is basically the same as that used by the Navaho Indians of New Mexico whose sand-paintings were an early influence on Jackson Pollock.

In his book on Pollock, Bryan Robertson describes the process: *As fertility symbols, as invocations to the natural sources of rain, wind, and sun which they see as gods, and as two-dimensional flat totems on the earth, the Navaho Indians make pictograms flat on the ground by spilling sand and coloured earth through their hands on to the earth surface. Records in the form of accurately coloured charts kept in Santa Fé show a predominantly linear treatment of natural forms and archetypal shapes which represent the*

Indian deities and their mythology. These sand-paintings, as they are called, are ephemeral. They are made at sunrise, and the magic they are intended to invoke cannot materialize unless all traces of them are dispersed by sunset.

Fortunately Miss Poulton's sand-paintings, complex abstractions in subtly luminous low-toned colours, are not ephemeral. Her painting surfaces are primed with a special glue to which the sand adheres. She has employed also a second method in which the sand is applied with a brush. But this proved difficult because of the substantial variations in size of the grains of sand and she began to look round for a substitute for natural sand. The answer, she believes, is an artificial 'sand' produced from silicon carbides and aluminous oxides, of which the grains are regular in size.

It is probably premature to judge her work in this new medium which, I understand, is capable of providing an infinite range of colour-tone variations, but at present there is no comparison between the subtle beauty of the real sand pictures and the harsh-coloured dazzlers done with the silicons. So if I can find my test-tube I shall send it to Miss Poulton with a request that she goes back to

the real thing. Please see if you can find yours and do the same.

Another innovator having (like Miss Poulton) his first London exhibition is Edgar Mansfield. A collection of what he calls his *Animisms* is on show at the Mercury Gallery (Cork Street). Here again is an artist who has taken an art form that has at various times been widely practised, and has given it an original twist and a personal touch.

Animisms are sculptures evolved from *objets trouvés*, in this case pieces of driftwood found on the Napier Beach, New Zealand. "The word *animism*," says the artist, "defines the timeless practice of imagining life in an inanimate natural form." Many sculptors today, then, use *animisms* as sources of inspiration, as departure points for sculpture. But whereas most of them are content to use the found object in this way and then discard it, Mansfield works extensively on each of his pieces of wood and casts a unique bronze from each one. From this unique piece he then makes an enlarged version (usually three-times up) which is sold in an edition of six. The magical metamorphosis from *animism* of wood to effective sculpture in bronze fully justifies the method used.

MAN'S WORLD

I like Mods. I like them, on the whole, very much more than Rockers. Apart from the very small minority of mindless morons who make the seaside a good place to keep away from, Mods strike me as clean, neat and lively. And as far as men's clothes go, they certainly know what's going to be next, at least on the casual clothes front—Savile Row maintaining its supremacy in more formal dress. So it seemed worthwhile to penetrate the Mods' West End stronghold and take a look round.

Turning off Regent Street by Jaeger's (and pausing, I suggest, to see the camel-coloured blazers and double-breasted motoring coats) a man finds himself in Fouberts Place, where every second shop seems to sell sandwiches. Taking the second turning right, he'll be in Carnaby Street—Modsville, W.1. The whole street is bursting at its snug-fitting seams with men's clothing shops. At lunchtime, or on a Saturday morning, there will be young Mods everywhere. No cause for alarm though; the most moronic and desperate Mods only really get dangerous when they are bored and there's a Rocker in reach. But they're never bored in Carnaby Street because they're so very interested in clothes, and Rockers don't go there because you can't find a single leather motor-cycling jacket in the street. The worst thing that can happen is to get knocked down by a scooter—where there are Mods there are scooters, so a beneficent LCC has set aside a parking area specially.

Here you'll see the "Faces"—Mod fashion and dance leaders—seeking out something new with the persistence of truffle hounds. Here you'll see pop groups buying their uniforms. Here you'll see wardrobe designers buying clothes for a new teenagers' film. And here you'll find bewildered buyers from multiple stores wondering what'll be next.

This is the street where you can walk in looking "grotty" (Beatle-ese for, and derived from, grotesque) and walk out looking "gear." This is the street where you can buy bowling shoes, latest in footwear, to the delight of bowling alley managers who have been relieved of hundreds of pairs as the craze grew. In the same shop—Raoul's Shoes, on the

corner of Ganton Street—they sell Tom Jones shoes, which have, so help me, silver buckles, green uppers and a black patent leather fringed tongue, for £3 9s 11d. Or some natty elastic sided boots with attached spats bearing five buttons; called "Augustus" they cost £6 15s. The whole world may love Tom Jones, but I certainly don't like his shoes, or Augustus, either. To be fair, Raouls have some very good looking shoes, many of them in

dull grained leather—without silver buckles.

But it's clothes shops that make Carnaby Street what it is. Six out of the nine belong to John Stephen, a young man from Glasgow who started six years ago in the Military department of Moss Bros, set up his first shop in Beak Street and prospered until a fire destroyed all his stock. His landlord took him round to Carnaby Street, showed him a vacant shop, and now he's running a Rolls-Royce. It was John Stephen who invented the fleecy mohair sweater; pop singer Cliff Richard bought the first one and the rush started.

Today, Stephen's merchandise is different from his competitors, and his service good. For example, I always find I need a pair of trousers the day before I go abroad; I know I can find a properly fitting pair in Carnaby Street, and get them altered to the exact length while I wait for ten minutes. Bigger stores seem to need three days to do this.

So that's Carnaby Street. The more extreme clothes are, to say the least, good for a giggle. But there's nowhere like it in London for the sort of resort clothes that make you look like a local anywhere in the Mediterranean.

Mods, pop singers, and ordinary blokes in search of something a little bit off-beat rub shoulders in Carnaby Street looking for casual gear, such as that worn here by the Liverpool pop group The Fourmost, now at the London Palladium. They are: Brian O'Hara in a combined sweater-shirt in various colours at £6 15s., Mike Millward in the Caravel shirt at 5 gns. and Billy Hatton who wears Irish linen white trousers, 5 gns. The fourth member of the group, Dave Loveday, missed the photocall, but the quartet's balance was maintained by the anonymous model whose short-sleeved mercerised cotton shirt costs £3 9s. 6d.



PETER RAND

The modest R-R plaque on an aircraft's nacelle instils confidence into the nerviest passenger: to lift the bonnet of his Princess R car and see the same magic letters on the engine will no doubt similarly impress the motorist—and this is what will happen as a result of the deeply-considered link-up between B.M.C. and Rolls-Royce. It will certainly bring a new pride of ownership into the £2,000 class,

and at the same time could well act as an interim stage to full Rolls or Bentley ownership.

Naturally the six-cylinder four-litre power unit now being offered in their latest Princess R is quite different from the 6-litre V8 engine which goes into the current R-R or Bentley. The newcomer is, in fact, well suited to the smaller size and lower weight of the car to which it is fitted, as a trial

run I have just carried out fully proved. No less than 175 b.h.p. is produced by its 3.9 litres, and with the suavity one expects from a Rolls-Royce product. Whether travelling at moderate or fast speed—and a genuine 112 m.p.h. is obtainable when required—there is dignified silence under the bonnet and a feeling of calm obedience to the driver's wishes. It is in every way a prestige luxury

saloon, combining as it does the vast production resources of British Motor Corporation and the traditional excellence of craftsmanship of both Rolls-Royce and Vanden Plas. This last supplied coachbuilt bodies for R-R chassis many years before becoming a subsidiary of Austin in 1946; indeed, prior to the last war it probably made more bodies for Rolls and Bentley owners than for

MOTURING

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any other make of car. There is, however, no likelihood that the Princess R will become a quantity-produced model; the annual output is being limited to 12,000, of which a large proportion will go overseas. In the United States the distributors of Rolls-Royce will collaborate in the sales campaign, but here at home the new car will be handled by B.M.C. dealers,

some of whom also hold the R-R agency. As Dr. Llewellyn Smith, of Rolls-Royce, said at the conference held just before the launching of the model, the quantity envisaged as a year's output may not seem large to Mr. George Harriman (B.M.C.'s chief), but 250 engines a week does represent a considerable target to Rolls' productive capacity, despite much addition to the equipment of their

Crewe factory. They are determined, nevertheless, not to sacrifice any of their usual techniques for the maintenance of quality, and will build and test every engine to traditional Rolls-Royce standards.

Dr. Llewellyn Smith emphasized that the size of the 3.9-litre power unit falls well into their range of experience, having been developed from a series of engines used in all the

wheeled combat vehicles of the British armed services. It has been several years evolving, as it differs considerably from the military type in being constructed of aluminium alloy, and weighs only four hundred-weight; it has "over square" cylinder dimensions, which make it suitable to high revolutions. Chosen for the Princess R because it offers a high power-to-weight ratio, it seemed exactly right for a car of such dimensions (length 15 ft. 8 ins., width 5 ft. 8½ ins. and weight about 31½ cwt.), as my tests proved. Apart from sheer speed, acceleration was most impressive—from rest to 60 m.p.h. in under 13 seconds, or to 80 m.p.h. in 24 seconds, with no more effort than to press the pedal, because the transmission is through a Borg-Warner (Model 8) fully automatic gearbox. This makes fullest use of the engine's capabilities and reduces its revolutions substantially at cruising speed, thereby making the car better suited to motorway driving, and at the same time giving maximum acceleration in traffic. The braking system uses 10-inch discs on the front wheels, and 10-inch drums on the rear.

Equipment is very generous, and includes power assisted steering (Hydrosteer), also a fresh air heater and ventilator, plus a recirculatory one. For tropical climates the heater can be replaced by a fresh air unit, or air conditioning (Normalair) fitted at an extra charge. For home use the car's specification contains all the items usually bought as extras, such as sound insulating pads under the bonnet, best leather upholstery, picnic tables, central armrests both front and back, clock and cigar lighter. One of the few chargeable extras is an electrically heated rear window; another is a division behind the driver, with sliding glasses. A laminated glass windscreen is likewise available if demanded. With such a formula as this, there can be little doubt that the Vanden Plas Princess R is going to be a great success in a market seeking that something in cars which bestows a cachet of supreme quality combined with real practical utility—coupled, no doubt, with a sustained resale price in the years to come.

The price of the Vanden Plas Princess 4-litre R is £1994 8s. 3d. (inc. tax).

New pride of ownership in the £2,000 class—it's guaranteed by the Princess R pictured here on Dunstable Downs. In the background, the Gliding Club



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DINING IN

Partridge-shooting starts next week; consumed fresh, they are better early in their season. A friend of mine always gives her first partridge party on September 2 or 3, so her menu might be timely. She is a business executive and a wonderful cook, regarded by those who have dined there as of chef class. She plans her menus well beforehand, never serves more than one dish that calls for last-minute attention—and she does not hesitate to use canned soups, but not always as such, as you will see. She always invites at least eight, sometimes a dozen, people of similar interests and limits her parties to three courses. She never carves meat off the bone because that is a last-minute, time-consuming job. She may serve expensive game as the main course or braised stuffed breast of veal—and everything is on time. Here is the menu of the first September dinner party: *Trout in Aspic, Roast Partridges stuffed with Grapes, Green Salad.*

The quantities, in each case, are for four persons.

For TROUT IN ASPIC, ask the fishmonger to clean 4 trout, approximately 5 oz. each, through the gills. Trout is so fragile that cutting it down the belly would roughen and fray the flesh, spoiling the appearance of the finished dish. Poach them in the following *court bouillon*: bring to the boil 1 quart of water, ½ pint of inexpensive Chablis, a pinch of coarse salt and 2 to 3 crushed peppercorns. Cover and simmer for 3 to 4 minutes. Cool a little, then strain over the trout in a shallow pan. Bring to the boil. Immediately reduce the heat and let the fish poach for 5 minutes. Leave to cool in the liquid.

Remove and take off the skin, except for that at the head and tail ends, by cutting across the body just below the head and again at the tail end. With a sharp-pointed knife or scissors, cut down the skin on one side and gently lift it off. Turn the fish and skin the other side, in a similar way. Cover and chill the fish.

For the aspic coating a 15 oz. can of consommé will be enough.

To judge how firm the "aspic" will be when chilled on the trout empty the can into the pot of a double boiler and chill it in the

refrigerator. It may require a little more gelatine. In this case use your own judgment as to the amount. Soften the powdered gelatine in a little water then gently heat until dissolved but do not boil. Stir this into the consommé and gently heat through to blend well. The main thing is to have the "aspic" on the soft side rather than over-firm. One which just holds its shape is ideal.

Pour a very thin layer of it into the dish in which the trout are to be served. Place it in the refrigerator to become firm. Arrange the trout in one layer on top and trickle a spoonful of the liquid "aspic" over them. Some of it will run down between the trout and set them where you want them to be. Pour the remainder of the "aspic" over them and if you want to decorate them with tarragon leaves, etc., first dip each in "aspic" before placing it in position.

Chopped "aspic" is a quicker job. Pour the consommé, strengthened as above, on to a platter or tray, holding back a little. Arrange the trout in position and trickle the reserved "aspic" over them as above. Surround them with the chopped "aspic," chill in the refrigerator but remove at least half-an-hour before the meal.

Young PARTRIDGES AND WHITE GRAPES go well together. Allow 4 or 5 peeled and deseeded grapes per bird. Some people allow a young partridge per person; others 2 partridges for 4 servings.

Sprinkle the insides of the birds with salt and pepper. Add a small piece of butter and the grapes to each.

Wrap a thin piece of back pork fat around each bird and tie it in position. Get the oven really hot (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7). Place the partridges, breasts down, in the baking tin and spoon a little melted butter over them. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes, turning them on to their backs and removing the pork fat for the last 5 minutes.

For 2 partridges, have ready the sieved pulp from ½ lb. of grapes. If you have an electric blender, let it do the job. (Half a minute will be long enough.) Turn this sieved pulp into the baking tin and heat through. Having halved the partridges, pour this "sauce" over them and serve.



Wood has the basic, friendly quality that belongs to all natural things. Also it lasts forever, well, almost. And best of all are the items made from a single, solid chunk that use and time can't damage.

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COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



1 Fox—Rugg: Gillian Saville, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Fox, of The Lindens, Park Drive, Huddersfield, was married to Captain Richard Simon Rugg, son of Sir Percy & Lady Rugg, of Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W., at Holy Trinity Church, Huddersfield

2 Hall—Robinson: Susan Jane, daughter of Major & Mrs. C. C. Hall, of Turf Lodge, The Curragh, County Kildare, was married to George William, son of the late Mr. G. Robinson, and of Mrs. Robinson, of Phepotstown, Kilcock, County Meath, at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street

3 Miss Margaret Elizabeth Jane Piggott to Mr. David Malcolm Telling: She is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. F. J. C. Piggott, of Le Grange, St. Nom, Paris. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. V. Telling of Godfrey Street, S.W.3

4 Miss Lorna Dingwall-Main to Mr. Christopher Francis Powell-Brett: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Dingwall-Main, of St. John House, Bowden, Roxburghshire. He is the son of Colonel & Mrs. Francis Powell-Brett, of Walton Street, S.W.3

5 Miss Margaret Ann Everett to Captain Robert Alexander Montgomerie: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Everett, of Eastbrook, Burlescombe, Tiverton, Devon. He is the son of Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. G. I. Kidston Montgomerie of Southannan, of Long Bottom Farm, Biddesden, Andover



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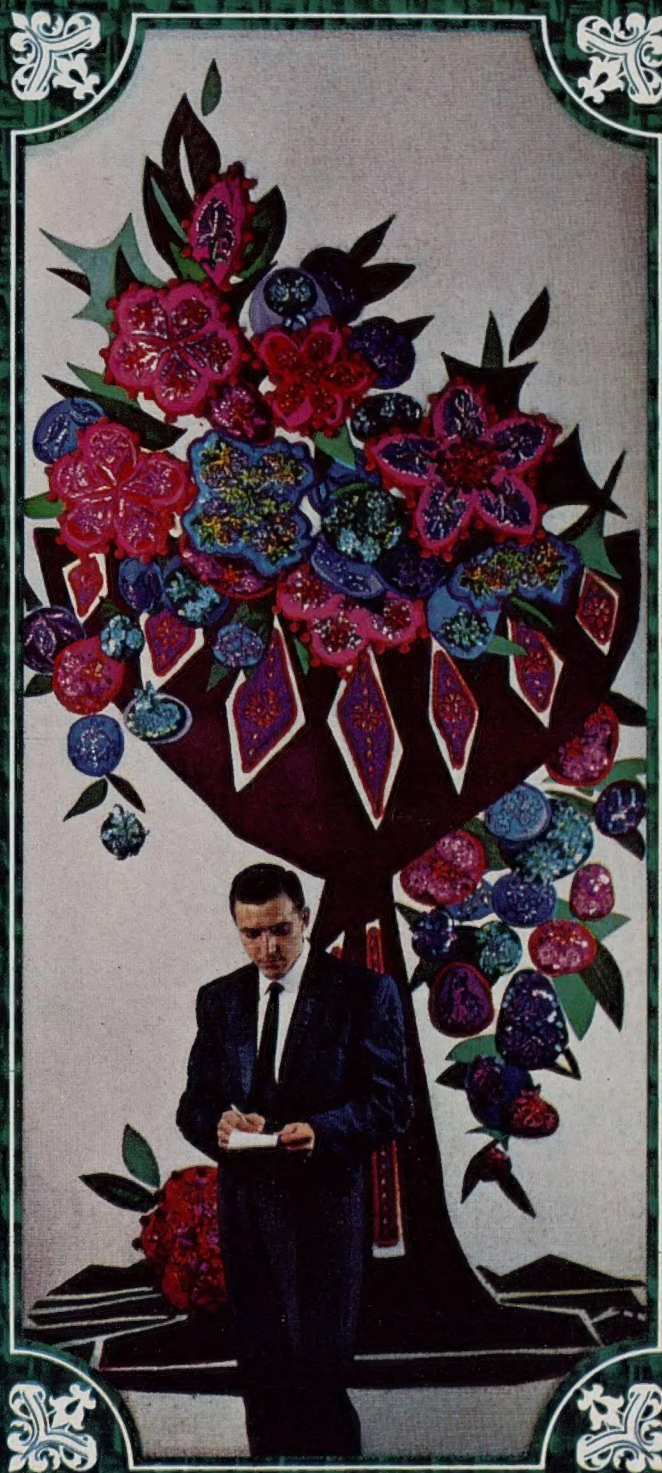
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